The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1696 JULY 23, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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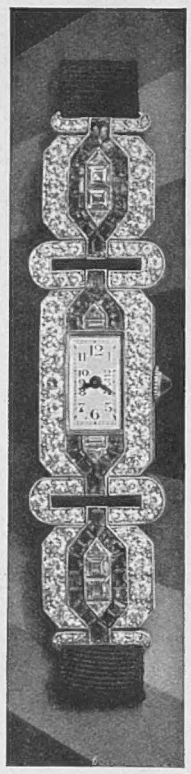

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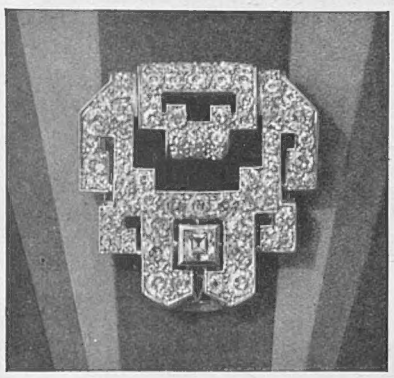

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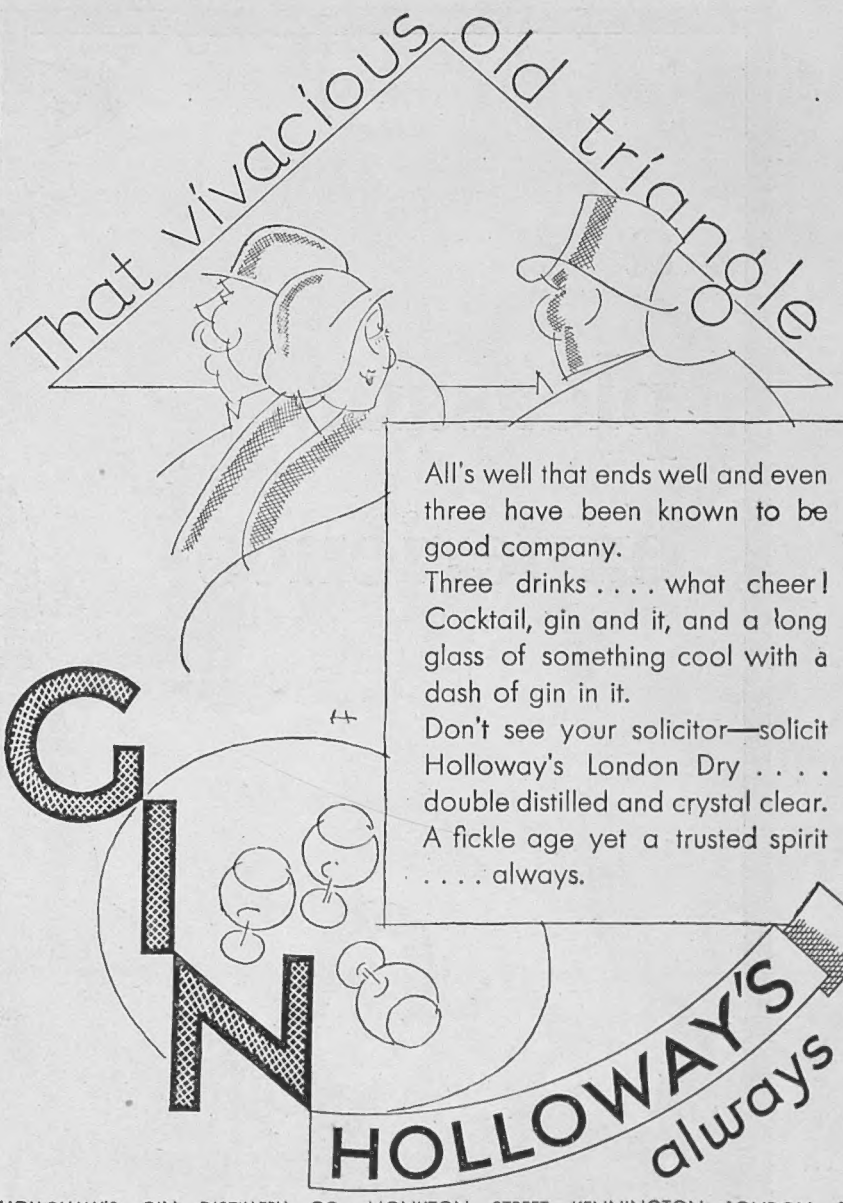

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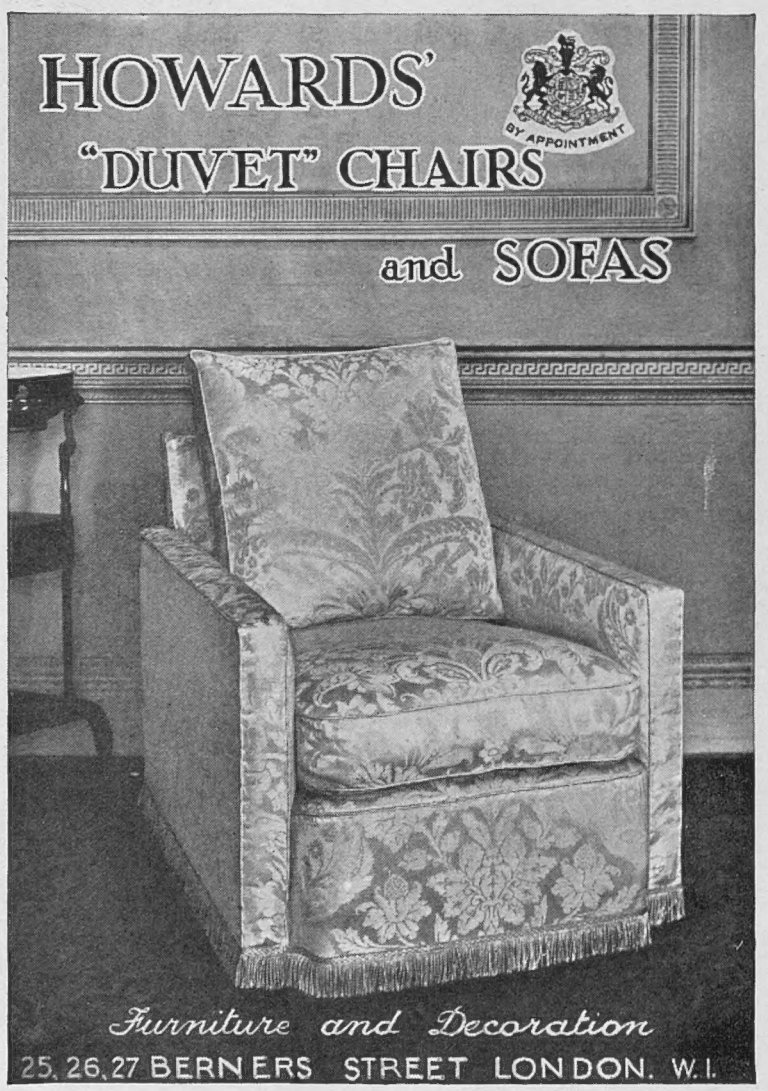


THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 23, 1932

THE OPENING OF THE NEW LAMBETH BRIDGE

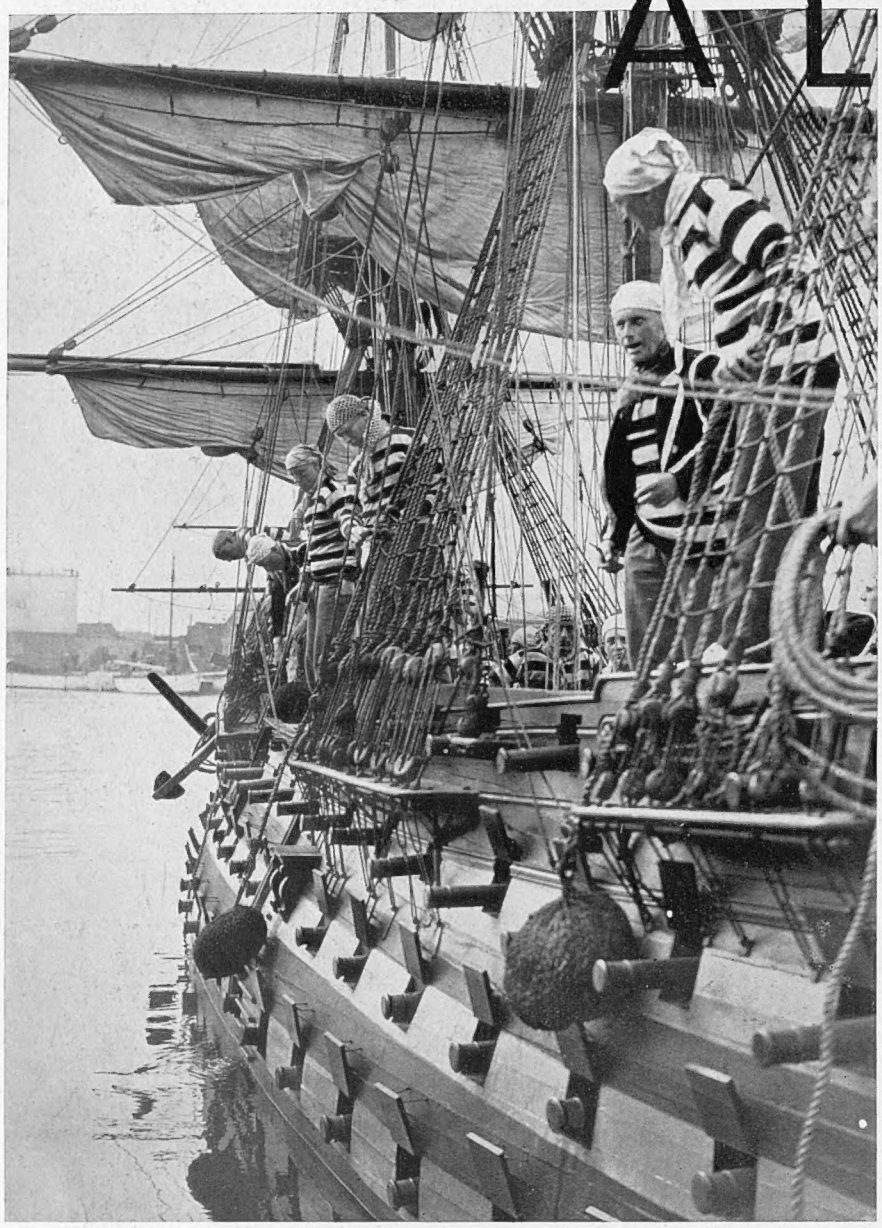
The King and Queen Drive in Semi-State Across the Bridge After the Opening Ceremony

In a scene of brilliant pageantry—the splendour of military scarlet, the glittering chains of civic office, the blazing tabards of trumpeters—before the eyes of a crowd such as only London could produce—crocodiles of school-children, tugs, paddle-steamers, rowing boats, outriggers, speed-boats, packed windows, thronged roofs, and impenetrable streets, the King in Admiral's uniform and the Queen drove in an open carriage to open the new Lambeth Bridge, replacing that opened fifty-three years ago by his father when Prince of Wales. Speeches were brief, the King's words touching lightly but trenchantly on the function of the bridge in relation to the traffic problem. The opening itself was performed by means of an electric circuit which caused the barriers to rise. To roaring cheers which succeeded the singing of the National Anthem, and to a fanfare of trumpets, the royal procession formed up anew and made its way across the bridge. The first vehicle of the great stream of traffic thereafter to traverse the span was a lorry laden with Empire paper—a happy augury. The foreman mason, the caisson sinker, the steel erector, and the clerk of the works were presented to the King

A special section of this issue dealing with this great enterprise appears in pages 141–45

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



AS IN NELSON'S DAY.—Twenty-two officers of the battleship H.M.S. *Nelson* dressed, in the working rig of Nelson's seamen, are sailing a 50 ft. model of the *Victory* from Portland to Portsmouth to advertise Navy Week. The naval officers are seen in their ship as she left Poole Harbour

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 20, 1932.

"PLUM."—Of Plumer it was said by the historians when they came to deal with the Third Battle of Ypres: "Methodical and patient preparation had been carried by him to the pitch of genius." That form of genius was indeed Plum's secret. By means of it he served from 1896 to the end of the Great War in most of the important wars in which we engaged without a single black mark against his name. By the same token he kept outside the jealousies and quarrels which have handicapped so many of our brilliant soldiers. Restraint, patience, common sense, dignity, humanity, method—those were Plum's trump cards, and he played always into his partner's hand, for no General showed greater acumen in choosing his subordinates. Plum and Harington were an ideal team. Each made the other. Their names are immortalized in two streets in Cassel, where their memory will be green for another generation without such aids. For they inspired confidence among the French and Belgian civilians and the Allied armies alike. Here were men who knew their job, were not over hungry for fame at any price, kept their mouths shut and their eyes and ears open. Such a man as Plumer deserves the rare honour of an Abbey funeral. He will share it with Colin Campbell, and with the unknown soldier whose sufferings Plumer's method, care, and humanity did so much to mitigate. The Abbey authorities are slow to offer that great honour. But Plumer was a great soldier of whom they could not but approve. He served his King and country long and faithfully and well, and he feared God and kept his commandments all his days.

"NO DAMNED MERIT?"—The feat of bringing back from foreign parts those difficult team-mates, peace and honour, is not common in our history and is usually rewarded highly and remembered ever after—long after the peace has been broken and the honour faded. It was so with Disraeli. The reward of the "Garter" is not reserved for high merit alone—it has been bestowed on more great noblemen than great men. Rare as it is as a reward for commoners, it has its political advantages. The recipient must become a knight but he need not soar to the Upper House. Lord Balfour, who received the "Garter" for his successes in the establishment of a lasting peace in Europe after the Great War, was for a short time "little-known" as Sir Arthur Balfour, and Sir Austen Chamberlain still remains a commoner. And now (perhaps Mr. Churchill smiles sardonically as he reflects on the mutability of human settlements) Mr. MacDonald is like to receive the same reward for breaking up the settlement Mr. Balfour did so much to make.

SEALED ORDERS.—Ten Ministers left England last week, seven for Ottawa and three for Geneva. Mr. MacDonald is off to enjoy a well-earned rest; Sir Samuel Hoare will be busy with India; Lord Sankey's ordinary work demands his belated attention; and Mr. Ormsby-Gore will bear the brunt in Whitehall; while the Opposition lends its services to find a solution for Ireland. So the scene shifted from London for a space, and the limelight travelled with the *Empress of Britain* across the Atlantic to Ottawa. The seven for Ottawa were well attended by experts, advisers, secretaries, and wives of delegates, not to mention Olympic athletes, male and female. Nevertheless, their departure came to the public as a strangely sudden surprise. We have been so gorged on Lausanne and Conversion that we have really absorbed nothing concerning Ottawa. The British Government is very shrewd at publicity; and our ignorance about what is to be discussed and what it is hoped to achieve at Ottawa suddenly strikes one forcibly. It is (we hope) to be a rigorously economic conference. We don't at all want to waste precious days over constitutional problems arising from Valera's statesmanship or otherwise. But even the broad lines of the economic discussions are curiously obscure. At a time when the Empire and the rest of the world have given up changing their linen, Ottawa is to improve and perfect an Imperial scheme for "taking in each other's washing." Well, there are worse times for perfecting schemes than when they seem nothing but bare skeletons. The goodwill is there and that is a most precious Imperial asset.

. . . .

But, though the departure of the British delegates to the Conference caught us napping, the short voyage out gave us a chance to study them at leisure. The blessed inventions of science can laugh at space and leap oceans. The sea remains "salt" but is no longer "estranging." Mr. Baldwin's body may be 1,000 miles away on the Atlantic but his voice can still sway a by-election in Cornwall. Absent Ministers can still answer their accusers in the old country, and we were privileged to see our Ottawa champions at work and play aboard ship, Sir Philip being invested with his life-belt, Sir John on the quarter-deck, Mr. Baldwin throwing a shrewd bean-bag before an admiring audience of athletes and stenographers. We need never sigh for the sound of a voice that is still in this year of grace. It was by no means all dancing and grog aboard the *Empress*. There was breakfast and elevenses and luncheon and tea and cocktails and dinner, organized games, bridge, dancing, and swimming of course, but there is also the sterner business of fire and collision alarms and the exploring of avenues by expert sub-committees. And so the brief voyage sped all too quickly.

PERSONALITIES AT OTTAWA.—One of the happiest chances, if not auguries, for the Ottawa Conference, is the excellent understanding which exists between Mr. Bennett and the King's representative in Canada. Mr. Bennett himself is probably the strongest, as the warmest, upholder in the Empire of the Crown as a vital symbol of Imperial Unity. And Lord Bessborough has justified his choice. The Ponsonbys have proved efficient and popular Governors-General. If they have never produced supermen, they have maintained an admirably consistent high level in public life and business. And very largely that is due to a simplicity of character, a lack of pretension, and a genial good fellowship, which know nothing of class-distinctions, which have characterized the family for several generations. There are quite a few Ponsonbys whose names are held in respect and affection in the troubled history of Ireland, there is one whose name is deified in a lesser South American State; they have given famous soldiers and famous personal servants to their Sovereign, and the social history of our country teems with references to their name. Who could write of Harrow, of I Z, of the old stagers, of the drama, without a mention of that name, so tricky to pronounce? And to-day there are at least three of the family well in the public eye. Lord Bessborough is happy in his entourage at Rideau Hall. There is, *imprimis*, Lady Bessborough—whose French ancestry and innate charm make her the most successful Viceroy's wife imaginable—and there is Mr. Alan Lascelles as secretary, a power behind the throne whose wide experience is matched by his tact, efficiency, literary ability, and entire lack of personal ambition. As assistant private secretary to the Prince, Mr. Lascelles made a lasting impression on the Court and on all public men with whom he came in contact.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.—Talking of the Ponsonbys leads me to a recent book about one of the family's celebrities, Lady Caroline Lamb. At first blush you would say that there was nothing left to say of poor Caroline. But as a fact, though all her follies and absurdities have been quoted *ad nauseam* in the chronicles of the Byronic Age, she has hitherto lacked an impartial biographist. Miss Jenkins is impartial so far as a partisan may be—and all successful biographists must be partisans. But I have a bone to pick with her, none the less. She awakes such high hopes in her introduction with her slashing attack on the modern school of biographers, who obscure the facts of their subject by the dazzle of their own fancy and genius for epigram and guesswork. And these high hopes are dashed by Miss Jenkins's almost criminal inaccuracy. There is more in the art of biography than getting to know the facts concerning your subject. You must study the manners and customs of the class from which she comes and see the things she saw through her eyes. But Miss Jenkins, whether from ignorance or carelessness, makes mistake after mistake which would have horrified Lady Caroline and her circle. Devonshire House is made to look on to Hyde Park; two famous family seats are mis-spelt; Lady Maria Fane is described as Lord Bathurst's daughter—Burghersh, Bathurst, Westmorland—what does it matter? Caroline herself is suddenly given the Duchess of Devonshire for mother instead of aunt; Creevey's name is wrongly spelt; Lady Harriet masquerades once at least as Lady Leveson-Gower and Blessington as Bessington. Such solecisms were anathema to the Whigs. I hope Miss Jenkins will bring a little more humility and accuracy to a second edition.

A WELCOME RECRUIT.—Lord Irwin returns to the Board of Education and joins the National Government, a welcome access of strength to the part and to the whole. His selection surprised most people because (as I said last week) there was a general belief that the maintenance of the nice balance of parties in the Government was regarded as important. Perhaps it is, for Lord Irwin is one of those Conservatives with whose appointment no Liberal partisan is likely to quarrel; and indeed he is "suspect" to extremists of no shade of political opinion. In a word, he is regarded as a man who grinds no axe but the country's (and, let us hope, the economy axe). The whole country will welcome such a man back to political life and high office. He was at the Board of Education as Mr. Edward Wood, 1922–24, and left it on the re-shuffle for the Ministry of Agriculture. Then he went to India. He is the son of Lord Halifax, who is a a noted Churchman, and, at the age of ninety-three, is still in the prime of life.

HAEC OLIM.—How much troubled and muddy water has run under the bridges since we have enjoyed a summer like the present. In the teeming, tremendous, and tragic history of the last two or three years, this carnival time of Nature seems like a new experience of undreamed-of bliss. We had come to believe that human affairs and Nature walked hand in hand in an endless funeral procession. And now the skies have cleared, the sun burst out in splendour, and we have come once more to think more of life than of death. The labours and wisdom of statesmen may do something, but (every thoughtful man knows) the sun can do far more to make life smoother and government easier in difficult times. In according praise to

sletter

those statesmen who have deserved our gratitude for a vastly improved outlook and the restoration of hope, let us not forget the sun, arch-dictator of our universe, and giver of all good things. If the rain has sometimes put an end to riots and disturbances, the sun, time and again, has cured the disease from which those outbreaks spring. A fine summer, in a word, is the greatest boon which a prudent statesman can pray for, if he has at heart the well-being and peaceful government of his country. I place the success of the summer of 1932 above Lausanne's and above that of the great Conversion scheme. It is up to us to remember it when November comes round again.

OIL AND VINEGAR.—Mr. Churchill never fails. However smooth, broad, and serene the flowing tide, you can always create a ripple by swimming against it. And it is Mr. Churchill's policy to dam if possible, to obstruct at any rate, the flowing tide, and thus to maintain his position in the centre of a little storm area. He is so often right, too. If you prophesy always evil, you are very often a true prophet in these days. No man is more prone than he to tell the truth at the wrong time. The rest of us realize that restraint and compromise are become the only vital ingredients in the recipe for modern statesmanship. But Mr. Churchill still uses more vinegar than oil in the House. What was left in the cruet he poured out at the Pilgrims' dinner which, honouring the bicentenary of Washington's birth, followed embarrassingly close on his Lausanne outburst. Was he able to show a consistent front? Why, certainly. Mr. Churchill can juggle with words. Half English, half American, he juggles with the cruet so that the oil counteracts the vinegar before they fall on the greenstuff; and he mixes, like the artist he is, a sauce for the goose and a sauce for the gander.

TRUTH AND VERITY.—Truth is stranger than fiction. Truth is Verity. Therefore Verity is stranger than fiction. Q.E.D. Many people have taken all ten wickets in an innings. None, I vow, unless on a lawn or village green, ever before did so at the cost of one run a wicket. *Magnus est Verity et prevalebit.*

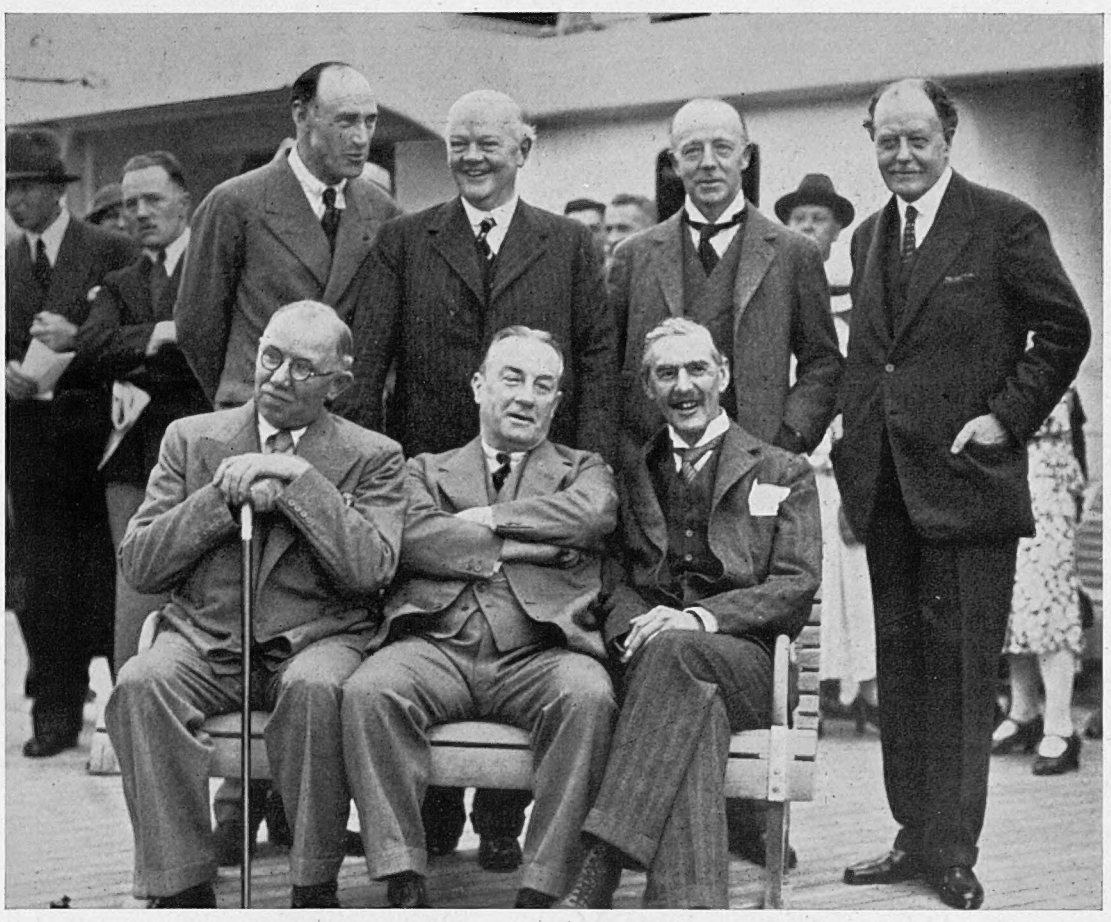
BUDMOUTH REGIS.—You will find the name on the map of Wessex in Hardy's novels. *The Trumpet Major* has come to life again and after a century-and-a-quarter the Garlands and the Lovedays have seen "King Jarge" go by and thanked God for it. Why should I string my feeble sentences together when Thomas Hardy's inspired prose fits the bill so well:

"They turned their attention towards the Royal watering place, which was visible only as a portion of the sea shore from which the mist was rolling slowly back. The sea beyond was still wrapped in summer fog, the ships in the roads showing through it as black spiders suspended in the air. . . . And then the report of guns reached their ears. This announcement was answered by a salute from the Castle of the adjoining Isle and the ships in the neighbouring anchorage. All the bells in the town were ringing. The King and his family had arrived."

George III travelled to Weymouth in a heavy coach with a bodyguard of German lancers. George V came in his yacht. Both got a rousing welcome from Wessex, and Hardy's "par" fits both bills to a nicety.

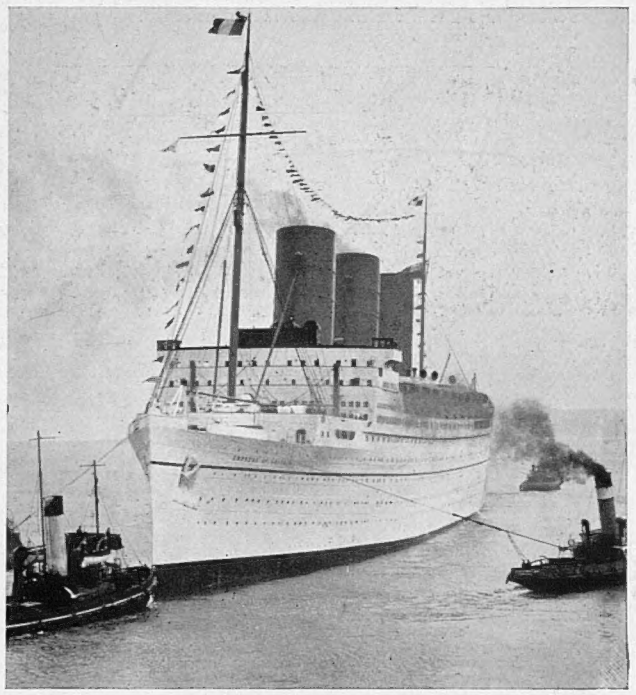
WHAT HASLEMERE OFFERS.—Haslemere is the intellectual capital of Surrey. Of that there is no possible doubt. Her amateurs are honorary professionals. Her professionals are full blown roses blushing unseen save by the discerning eye. There is the Chandler family of all the talents. Under their direction Haslemere produces amateur theatricals that compare favourably with many "West End" shows, and break new ground in *décor* and stage effects; under the same ægis dancing flourishes and delights the eye. Then there is the Dolmetsch family, larger and no less talented. It makes music, and the instruments of music such as our Elizabethan ancestors produced. The Dolmetsch festival is even now filling Haslemere. Glass lovers also at this moment are pricking up their ears at the mention of Haslemere. On July 27, for a month, Sir Richard Garton is lending for exhibition at the Educational Museum his famous collection of 17th and 18th century English drinking glasses and other glasses. The Jacobite and commemorative section is almost unrivalled and some of the wine glasses are unique.

THE OLD STAGER.



NOTABLES OF THE CONFERENCE: Mr. Baldwin flanked by Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, behind whom are Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Lord Hailsham, Mr. Runciman, and Sir John Gilmour, on board the *Empress of Britain* at Southampton just before their departure to the vital Ottawa Empire Conference

BULLSEYES AT BISLEY: Miss Marcelle Hunt, the twelve-year old daughter of Captain P. Hunt, who, on the air gun range at Bisley, scored fourteen bullseyes in fifteen shots



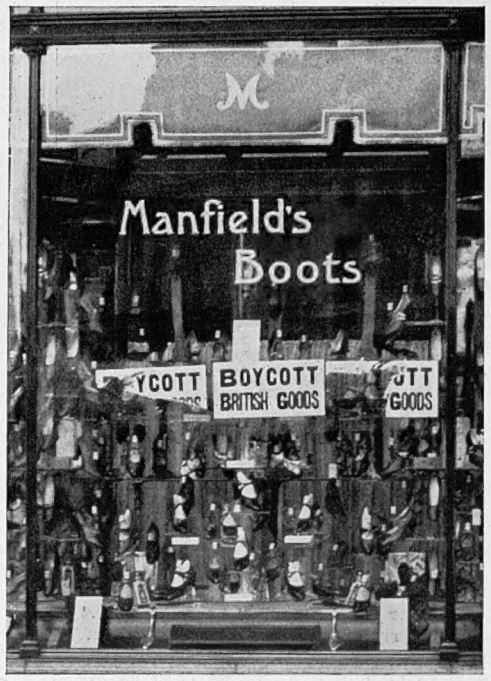
THE REPRESENTATIVES OF BRITAIN to the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa and to the Olympiad at Los Angeles sailed from Southampton a few days ago aboard the superb C.P.R. liner *Empress of Britain*

THE WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE: Company Sergeant-Major C. F. H. Bayly, late 9th Royal West Kent Regiment, chaired in the traditional fashion after winning the Great Bisley Award with a score of 289. It is said that the winner's eyesight is faulty and that he should wear glasses

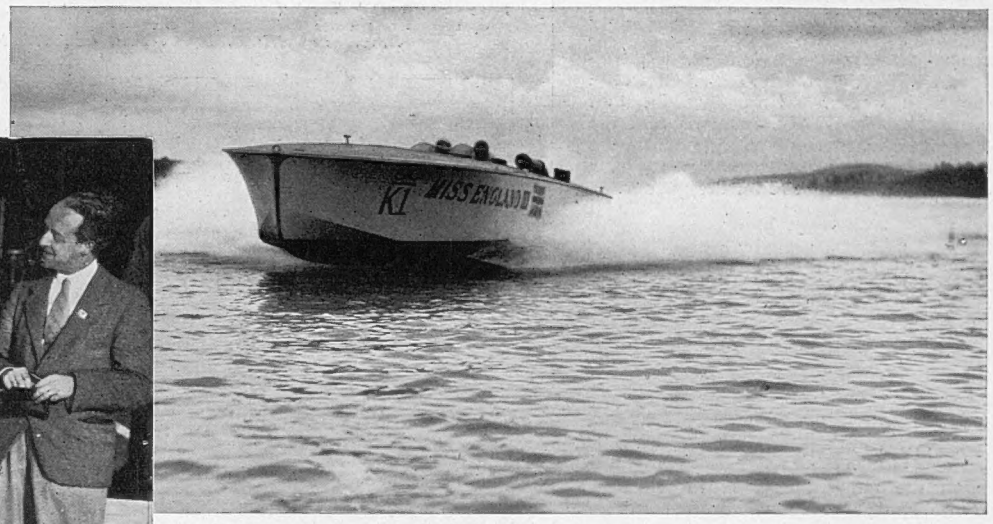
HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE ORANGE CELEBRATION: Lord Craigavon, seen with the Canadian banner, spoke during the celebration, attended by 30,000 Ulstermen, of the 242nd anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Five miles of streets were decorated and packed with enthusiastic spectators

THE WOULD-BE PEACEMAKER: Mr. William Norton, the Irish Labour Leader, who was in Britain with an annuities plan, prepares to leave for Rugby to meet President de Valera during his abortive visit to England



SYMPTOMATIC: The economic dispute between President de Valera and H.M. Government has repercussed upon the ordinary commerce of Dublin, and has revived the use of the "boycott" weapon



THE RECORD-BREAKER: *Miss England III* at speed on Loch Lomond. She is built by John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., and is engined with two Rolls-Royce engines

CROWNED WITH SUCCESS: Mr. Kaye Don, who has regained for Britain the water speed record by his 120 m.p.h. on Loch Lomond, with Miss Fiona Colquhoun and Sir Ian Colquhoun and some of the officials. Lord Wakefield's boat, *Miss England III.*, is still going strong

THE STORMY PETREL IN HALCYON MOOD: Mr. James Maxton, M.P., one of the most inveterate of British Reds, was seen in lighter vein at the Northumberland Miners' picnic at Morpeth, where he spoke. The labour situation is dealt with on other pages

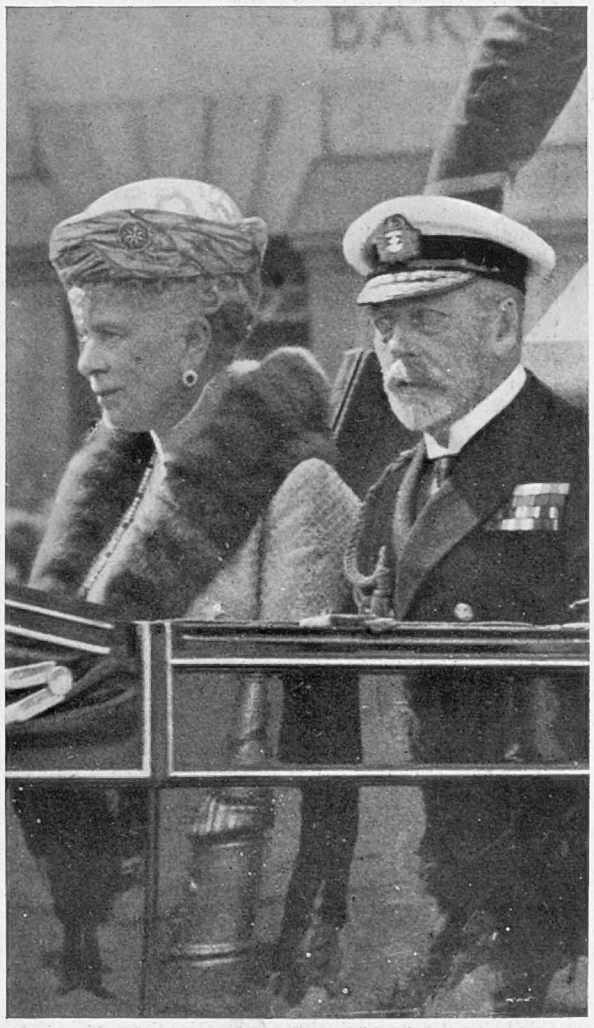
IN MEMORY OF EX-KING MANOEL: Ex-Queen Augusta and the Dowager-Queen Amelie of Portugal leaving Westminster Cathedral after the Requiem Mass. On the left are the Duke of Gloucester and ex-King Alfonso. Prince Arthur of Connaught was also present

OPENING LONDON'S LATEST LINK TO LAMBETH

To the loyal strains of "God Save the King," roared from loyal throats, and escorted by the blazonry of the scarlet and silver of the Life Guards, the scarlet and towering bearskins of the Grenadier Guards, the King and Queen progressed across the new Lambeth Bridge

THE LEADER OF THE NATION LEADS THE WAY ACROSS THE NATION'S NEW BRIDGE

A general view of the huge crowd that surged on to the bridge after the official opening by the King



The King and Queen arrive. Mr. P. J. Pybus, Minister of Transport was present

LONDON REJOICES IN ITS NEWEST BRIDGE

THE ARRIVAL OF ROYALTY

Lambeth Bridge began its career as a main traffic artery on Tuesday night in a way that showed how badly it has been needed. From almost immediately after it had been opened by the King until long after the rush hours, it was crowded with vehicles of every description, including 'buses diverted from another route. It was obvious that its purpose in relieving the heavy traffic over Westminster Bridge will be fulfilled. Thousands of Londoners visited the bridge during the evening and gave it a festive air. Many pedestrians stopped on the bridge to admire the magnificent new view of London it discloses.

MR. WALTER M. CITRINE, general secretary of the T.U.C., whose dicta have ranged from left wing to extreme right

THE LABOUR LEOPARD

A Survey of the Modern Trend that has

By J. BAKER

In 1925, at the Trade Union Congress at Scarborough, I met a man who was then, and still is, a leading figure in the Trade Union movement. Fresh from the presentation of a gold watch to the Soviet delegate, Comrade Tomsky, and enervated by the revolutionary atmosphere of the Congress, he called me "Comrade," and assured me that the last day of Capitalism was very near. I met him again a year later, after the General Strike. He called me "brother," the usual official address in Trade Union circles, and waxed indignant at the activities of the Communists among the miners. When I met him again a few days ago, he used that not un-capitalist expression, "My dear sir," and advised me to read the report issued by the Trade Union Congress jointly with an employers'—i.e. "capitalist"—organization, the Federation of British Industries. Yet this man's change of outlook is neither extraordinary nor exceptional. It is typical of the change that has come over the Labour movement in the past seven years.

To-day there is a completely new spirit astir in the world of labour; utterly different from that of the days that preceded the General Strike, and very different even from a year ago. Big changes in policy and programme are on foot. The old Trade Union policy, based upon the Socialism of the Webbs and the Fabians, is being scrapped. The old Free Trade policy has been pigeon-holed, if not scrapped entirely, and this is made clear by the T.U.C. report on fiscal policy and the presence of Labour representatives at Ottawa. You will hardly ever hear the word "nationalization" used now in the departments that plan policy at Transport House. The expression used is "public control of industry," which is only a more subtle way of saying the same thing, but less likely to alarm the public.

In the past few weeks there have been two important trade union conferences, those of the National Union of Railwaymen and the Miners' Federation. Yet how different they were from the conferences of seven years ago! In 1925 the railwaymen had not begun to feel the chill winds that preceded the economic blizzard of 1930–31. The union was strong in membership and funds. At the conference that year there was a good deal of talk about "beating Capitalism to its knees," and taking over the railways "lock, stock, and barrel." The Communist delegates were very noisy, and the other delegates listened to them. But one personality dominated the conference—"Jim" Thomas. One "Red" after another attacked him, but he devastated their criticism with one question: "Have I ever been into the board room with the managers and not come out with something in my pocket for the railwaymen?"

The railwaymen's conference of 1932 was rather a sad affair. Meeting with decreased membership and depleted funds, faced with the figures of falling railway receipts and reduced staffs—the railways are no longer a "sheltered trade"—the delegates seem rather depressed. Mr. Dobbie, their president, delivered a speech in which he attacked Lausanne, Geneva, the Prime Minister, Ottawa, the railway companies, and private enterprise in general, but it all seemed rather unconvincing. Mr. Cramp was able, as usual, and showed that he is one of the men who count in the reorganized trade union "general staff," but the personality of "J. H. T." was absent. As one delegate, a man who has grown old in the service of the union and the very best type of trade unionist, put it to me after the conference, "It isn't the same without Jimmy." There were not a few at the conference who realized that in a moment of spiteful folly, probably since regretted, the railwaymen's executive cast out the most able negotiator in the history of British trade unionism.

One resolution passed at the railwaymen's conference is indicative of the change that is taking place in trade union circles. This resolution advocated the establishment of one union for all transport workers, be they railwaymen, road-workers, or dockers. The Trade Union Congress has declared itself in favour of "a public utility corporation" to control all forms of transport, this being the new substitute for nationalization in the old sense. The logical sequence to such a corporation is one union for all transport workers, the underlying theory being that no government could face the threat of a strike from a united front of all transport workers. The railwaymen have their own opinions as to who broke the General Strike; they *say* that it was the road transport workers on goods traffic. Yet such a resolution would not have been possible a few years ago owing to the delicacy of the relations existing between the three unions catering for transport workers. The National Union of Railwaymen wanted all railwaymen within its ranks; Mr. Bromley's union, the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, claimed all foot-plate men. Mr. Bevin, the Napoleon of the trade-union movement, claimed railway road-transport men for his union, the Transport and General Workers Union. The result was delicate relations between the unions and competition for non-unionists. In 1924, for example, Mr. Bromley's union came out on strike and the National Union of Railwaymen stayed in. Some engine drivers and firemen were on strike picket duty, others were at work. The result was a good deal of recrimination destructive of "solidarity" and some noble fistic bouts at the back of the Old Oak Common railway depôt. But in these changing days the aim is one big union, always a dream of Mr. Bevin's, and now not impossible of achievement.

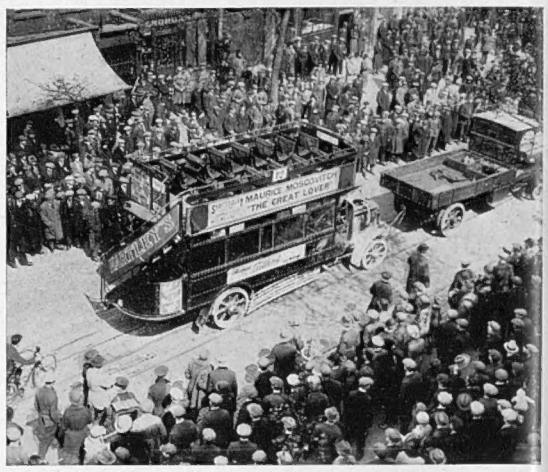
The Miners' Federation conference provided an even more striking example of the changing world of Labour. At this conference too a personality was absent, the personality of Arthur Cook. One can pay no higher tribute to his memory than to say that he literally wore himself out in the advocacy of what he believed to be the best thing for the miners. It was my business for three troubled years to assist in fighting the effects of A. J. Cook's policy upon the mining industry, yet even in those grim days of the 1926 coal stoppage one could not fail to admire his devotion to duty. Time and time again he would come off the platform of a miners' meeting in a state of complete physical collapse, but after a short rest he would travel through the night to another coalfield to speak at more mass meetings the next day.

Events proved A. J. Cook's policy—he aimed at the complete destruction of private enterprise in the coal industry—to be hopelessly wrong. For years his creed was that "strikes are the only weapon," but I believe that in the last days of his life he realized the futility of force in industrial disputes. He compelled by his personality a grim battle in the mining industry, in which the mine-owners fought for the preservation of the principles of private enterprise, not only in the coal industry, but in the whole of Britain's industrial system. He was one of the best hated and best loved men in the country, and he will go down in the history of trade unionism as a great fighter.

Yet there was little indication of his beliefs in the discussions at the Miners' Federation Conference this year. The few delegates present who had Communist

LEADERS OF YESTERDAY: The Rev. James Barr, Mr. Chuter Ede, and the late Mr. A. J. Cook. The theories of the last-named have been almost universally recognized as fallacious and, as such, abandoned

leanings were silenced from the chair, or by their fellow delegates, for saying the sort of things that would have been greeted with cheers a few years ago. The miners have always been the militants of the trade union movement, always the most ready to take strike action, but strike talk is deprecated to-day, and the new secretary is as different from Arthur Cook as chalk from cheese. The conference voted in favour of closer co-ordination between districts as a step towards one union for all miners, for the Miners' Federation is not a trade union but a federation of unions. In this action one can again detect the hint from Transport House and "the public utility corporation" idea. The Miners' Federation still declares that the nationalization of the mines and minerals should be "one of the first tasks of a future Labour Government," but "Labour and the Nation," the Socialist programme at the 1929 Election, said the same thing. And it is the report on public control that will really matter at this year's Trade Union Congress.



THE LABOUR SITUATION has altered very much since men believe that the (largely unorganized) lorry-driven the initiative enterprise and dogged perseverance of with a good will that compensated in

Last year the Congress was overshadowed and bewildered by the national crisis and the fall of the Socialist Government. This year it will have to consider new policies and face unpleasant facts. There is, for example, the matter of the declining strength of the trade union movement. In 1921 there were 621 registered trade unions in Britain with 5,506,000

ATMOSPHERIC: Mr. Tom Mann addressing the National Minority Movement at the Shoreditch Town Hall some four years ago

members. In 1930—there are no later official figures available—there were 560 unions with 3,812,000 members. Income from members was £11,445,000 in 1921 and £7,212,000 in 1930. This means that in nine years trade union membership declined by 1,694,000 and there was a shrinkage in income of £4,233,000. There is no reason to think that the position the T.U.C. will have to face will be anything but rather worse, at any rate so far as funds are concerned.

Trade unionism is declining in almost every trade. Some leaders blame unemployment and economic conditions; others, and they are the realists, blame policy and the General Strike. There are about 1,050,000 employed and unemployed workers in the mining industry; the Miners' Federation claims 530,000 members, and this is probably an over-estimate of paying members. There are about 525,000 textile workers, but only just over 210,000 of them are trade unionists. Of the 872,000 transport workers, about 550,000 are in the various unions that cater for them. Road passenger transport workers are largely unorganized, as are the women workers in the newer and lighter industries. The T.U.C. General Council wants to do something about it, but recent "back to the unions" campaigns have not been successful.

D CHANGES ITS SPOTS

Eventuated During the Past Six Years

WHITE

Then there is the problem of the Communists. In 1925 the T.U.C. listened with rapt attention to a long address from that arch-apostle of Communism, Comrade Tomsky. As a sign of their appreciation of the undiluted "Red" gospel straight from Moscow, the delegates gave him a gold watch and Madame Tomsky a necklace. Tomsky went back to Moscow and wrote a biting report, in which he denounced the British trade union leaders as "bourgeois opportunists." Since 1926 the trade union chiefs have regarded the Communists as infernal nuisances, who stir up unwanted strikes and disputes, and are their avowed enemies. They have tried to cleanse the

the bellicose days of the Great Strike of 1926. The railway-broke them; but other opinion tends to give the credit to the Amateurs of Britain who ran the abandoned services efficiency for lack of technical knowledge

unions of Communists, but they remain to irritate and annoy like an active flea on a dog's back.

The whole trouble about it is that it is the extremists that do the work. The average trade unionist rarely troubles to attend his branch meeting. The Communists turn up and push through their resolutions, much to the annoyance of the leaders. And after all, most of

DIEHARDS OF THE LABOUR MOVEMENT: Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. Ernest Bevin at the Labour Party Conference held in 1931 at Scarborough

the present trade union leaders were extremists themselves once. Mr. Ben Tillett led the docks strike of 1911, an attempt to hold up the public services of London. Mr. Hicks was once an honorary member of the Moscow Soviet and a contributor to Moscow-controlled journals. I remember him in 1926 at an Albert Hall demonstration, called to demand the release of twelve Communist leaders, telling a cheering audience to fight the capitalists. Now he is fighting the Communists. Mr. Citrine, to-day the policy-maker and the "big-brain" of the T.U.C., observed a few years ago that he was "grateful to be associated" in the "historic task" of bringing about unity between the British and Russian unions. Now one of his tasks is to counter the activities of the "comrades" instructed by those Russian unions. Almost every one of the present trade union leaders has been at one time or another in his career a "Left-winger." Now the "left-wingers" are one of their problems.

One resolution to be considered by the Trade Union Congress is of the utmost significance and importance. Put down by the Patternmakers' Association, it advocates collaboration between the T.U.C., the Labour Party, *and the Co-Operative Party* to bring about "the Socialist State." The inclusion of the Co-Operative Party is the part of the resolution that is really important. The Co-Operative societies of this country have something over 6,400,000 members, or 13 per cent. of the population. It is claimed, however, that the number of "co-operative families"—families which trade at Co-Operative Stores—is no less than 5,762,000, or little more than half the families in the country. The share capital of the Co-operatives is well over £112,000,000; there is about £5,000,000 in co-operative Savings Banks, and in the year ended July last, the sales of the Co-Operative Wholesale Society, the supplying and manufacturing organization of the movement, were over £82,000,000. Those whose business it is to plan Socialist policy in this country aim to use this huge and rich organization for "the deliberate building of the Co-Operative Commonwealth." This means that just as the "public utility corporations" are to take over control of industry and transport, so is the co-operative machine to be used to take over trade and commerce. It is, of course, a scheme for wholesale nationalization, though this actual word is not used.

Side by side with the change in the trade unions, a change is taking place in the political labour movement. Many of the old leaders have gone, never to return to the Socialist fold. The movement has not recovered from the crushing blow of the General Election, and new plans and policies are needed to rally the wavering rank and file. Fabian Socialism has been found out of date and too ponderous for to-day. New policies are being evolved by new minds. The men responsible for planning the new Socialist programme are of a different type. Sir Stafford Cripps, M.P., a lawyer and a son of the aristocracy; Mr. G. D. H. Cole, a Reader in Economics at Oxford, member of the last Government's Economic Council, an intellectual of intellectuals; Major C. R. Atlee, M.P., Haileybury and Oxford, barrister-at-law and lecturer in economics; Mr. Hugh Dalton, Eton and Cambridge, economist and former under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; these are the men who have been given the task of hammering out what is called "a constructive Socialist policy." It is significant that economists have been chosen, for the weakness of the old Socialist policy was its almost complete disregard of economic laws. They, too, are spelling nationalization in a different and more subtle way.

The Labour Party is also troubled with the Left Wing, in its case the Independent Labour Party. In a few days' time the I.L.P. is holding a special conference at Bradford to consider the party constitu-

Dr. Erich Salomon

THE T.U.C.: A group of the would-be dictators of the policy not only of Labour but of the country, whose change of attitude — and phraseology! — is sketched in the accompanying article

tion in a revised form, and a resolution of disaffection from the Labour Party. The new constitution states that the Party's aim is the "complete overthrow of the Capitalist State and its replacement by a Socialist Commonwealth." The passages in the constitution that explain how this end is to be achieved might well have been written in Moscow.

The I.L.P. rejects co-operation inside the present

"IT'S NOT THE SAME WITHOUT 'JIM'" says the Labour world to-day. In these words a prominent railwayman regretted the expulsion of Mr. J. H. Thomas from the N.U.R.

system; it advocates a "definite challenge to capitalism"; it pre-supposes a dictatorship. We are told that "the minds of the workers must be prepared for such a situation, and they must be ready to meet it and overcome it by the use of their mass strength for the capture of power." There seems to be little difference between this policy and that of the Communist Party, except that the I.L.P. shrinks from the definite use of the word revolution. The refusal of the Labour Party to revise its standing orders is said to be the reason for the motion of disaffection, but it is obvious that the I.L.P. could not both adopt the new Constitution and remain inside the Labour Party. If, and when, the I.L.P. departs from the fold, some of the Socialist leaders will doubtless breathe a sigh of relief, but they will be up against the same fact as the trade unions, that it is the extremists who do the work.

As in the trade unions, most of the present Socialist politicians were trained in the I.L.P. summer schools. The ultimate destination of the I.L.P. is doubtful. There may be some sort of loose affiliation with the Communist Party. Some members have already formed a joint committee with the Communists and it is not without significance that of late the I.L.P. organ, *The New Leader*, has been devoting considerable space to articles and pictures extolling the Soviet system.

The men who to-day are working out the new plans, for the political and trade union sections have no illusions about the blunders of the past. Not a few of them realize that strikes are futile, and they should know by now that it is dangerous to try the public too far. Nor do they neglect the immense possibilities there are for using the Co-Operative movement for a subtle Socialist propaganda. Even the present propaganda of the Co-Operative Party should provide food for thought and action on the part of private enterprise. To make nationalization appear respectable, and dress it up in a form that will not frighten the millions of small investors, is the present task of the Socialist leaders. At the same time they would do well to bear in mind the words of a Socialist peer of the modern post-Fabian school, who observed that "State Socialism, which simply substitutes the Government as universal employer in place of individual capitalists, stands in absolute contradiction to real economic liberty. . . . Nationalization in itself is not a magic panacea for our present evils."

The Trade Union Congress, which desires the control of industry by those employed in it, might consider the following facts. In 1931 strikes and disputes caused the loss of 6,983,000 working days. Valuing a working day at 5s., and no trade union leader should quarrel with such a conservative figure, this represents a monetary loss of £1,745,000. In the period 1926–31, no fewer than 184,460,000 working days were lost owing to industrial disputes, or in terms of money, over £46,000,000. That money is gone for ever. Trade union funds are depleted and thousands are out of work because strikes allowed foreigners to capture our markets. But supposing that £46,000,000 had been spent instead in buying the workers "control of industry?"

The history of the British trade union movement has been marred by tragic blunders and futile strikes. The Socialist movement is in its present low state because it put sentimental politics before economic facts, and tried to force its desires on the most patient public in the world. There is room for the trade union movement in this country, co-operating with the employers inside the present system to solve our economic problems. But things cannot be put right by fostering discontent or formulating grandiose schemes. If the Trade Union General Council want a foreword for the agenda for this year's Congress, they could do worse than use these words:—

"Nothing could be more injurious than to create in the minds of the workers a belief that the problems of industry can be solved in some semi-miraculous manner and more or less instantaneously, by making the present system unworkable, or by leading them to believe a different system can be called into being by a stroke of the pen. Re-organization of industry cannot be brought about by the simple expedient of stopping production altogether."

They were written by their own General Secretary, Mr. Walter Citrine.

The PASSING PAGEANT

READY TO "FIRE": A member of the Royal Company of Archers signals he is ready to shoot in the match against the Woodmen of Arden in Edinburgh

Sasha

WHERE HEARTS ARE ALWAYS TRUMPS: Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson, the creators and popularisers of the "Approach-Forcing System," whose name is synonymous with 90 per cent. of the Contract played in America and Britain. They are visiting Britain on a "bridge holiday"

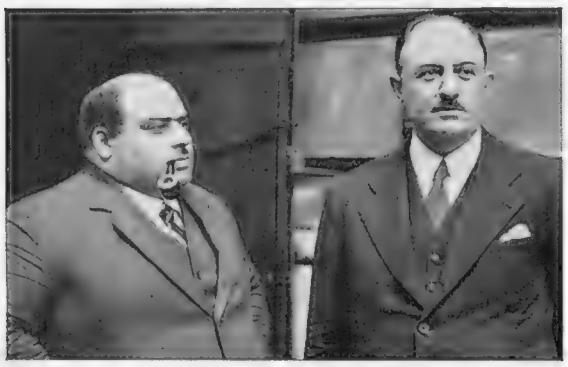
ROYALTIES OF THE BALKANS: Princess Hélène of Rumania (who lunched at Buckingham Palace) with her sister, Princess Irene of Greece in London

AU REVOIR: Prince George bids a temporary *adieu* to Lady Louis Mountbatten before she and Lord Louis (*left*) departed for Malta

CELEBRITIES OF THE DRAMATIC WORLD: Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife, Miss Joan Crawford, received an impressive reception at Southampton. Miss Jill Esmond, Miss Heather Thatcher, Mr. Lawrence Olivier, and Mr. Noel Coward are also seen above

THE ROSERY: A necklace of real tea roses was worn by Miss Margaret S. D. Dewar on the occasion of her marriage at St. Giles-in-the-Field, to Mr. J. W. Burton

FRIENDLY ENEMIES: Major Christopher Draper (*right*), shakes hands with Baron von Schleich (the "Black Knight" of the German Air Service), whom he challenged in an air-race round London. The Englishman was victorious



THE QUESTION OF MALTA is concerning the Government at the moment, and Sir Ugo Mifrudi, K.T., the Prime Minister who succeeded Lord Strickland and Mifrud Bonnici, Minister for the Treasury (*left*), are seen above outside their London Hotel

"WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR": Cadet R. N. Wilson, chaired on the Training Ship *Worcester*, after he had been awarded the King's medal, given to the cadet who, in the opinion of his fellows, will make the finest sailor

A LILLIPUTIAN GUARD OF HONOUR: Children from the Homeless Aid and Adoption Society Home at Leytonstone, formed a guard of honour at the wedding of Mr. Robert Williams and Miss May Giles, the head nurse, at St. John's, Leytonstone

MIGHTY MOUNTAINS of INDIA

F. S. Smythe

BIRTH OF A KAMET THUNDERSTORM: The (nimbus) formation of a thundercloud by a terrific spiral current of air from a hot valley. In view of the suggested attempt to fly over Everest, it should be remembered that currents of this type and their consequent storms will prove the great stumbling block, for the currents are strong enough to carry a machine dangerously out of control. Just over an hour after this picture was taken the storm broke

Mrs. Berry

KOLAHOI: Like a queen among other mountains in the Vale of Kashmir, and north-east of the Liddar Valley, the mighty Kolahoi, 17,800 ft., rises majestically. Nearly always cloud-capped, it is not often one can get a clear view for a photograph. The late Dr. Arthur Neve climbed it many years ago with two companions. This picture was taken from a glacier of the same name from the snout of which springs the source of the Western branch of the Liddar river. From the camping ground at Liddawat it is a march of eight miles or more to the glacier

Captain J. Noel

ON THE VIRGIN PEAK OF EVEREST: The great Rungbuk Glacier, 20,000 ft. above sea level—two thirds of the way up the peak that unites Tibet to Nepal. The ice thaws slightly in the noon day sun to freeze anew at night. So rarefied is the air toward the summit that the strongest men become inert. Certain members of recent expeditions have however proved themselves unexpectedly well equipped for high altitude work and aided by oxygen apparatus the summit may yet be reached

A PONY CARAVAN IN THE LAMAYURU GORGE: Said to be one of the deepest gorges in the world, it lies between 10,000 and 11,000 ft. above sea level, on the Treaty Road, or the main caravan route between Kashmir and Yarkund. The road, which is only a narrow pony track, runs mostly along the face of precipitous cliffs, by which flows a tributary of the Indus river

DEATH to the DEADLY TSETSE FLY

A FLY TRAP FOR TSETSE FLIES: The system invented by Mr. Harris of the reserve at Massima Hill is quite a new method of fighting sleeping sickness. These traps are erected in the danger belts to catch the tsetse flies which drop into the lower bin. This system has been attended by good results

A ROAD IN THE TSETSE FLY BELT: Deep, muddy holes prove something of a menace to the motorist! To make matters even more difficult, a cloud of tsetse flies pursues the discomfited driver

A SMOKE HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE FLY BELT: These huts are built right across the road so that any cars emerging from the fly area must enter in and partake of a thorough fumigation

POTENTIAL VICTIMS OF SLEEPING SICKNESS: Cattle have suffered an even greater slaughter than humans

AN INGENIOUS FERRY ACROSS THE KAGERA RIVER: The tsetse fly belts follow the lakes and rivers of Central Africa. Except for this disadvantage, the Kagera river is a fine waterway, which promises to become of more importance owing to discoveries of tin near its banks

Living in England, we are apt to think of science as having already universally triumphed over the wilderness, and so, perversely, to feel a little sorry for a too easy victory. But change the scene to Africa and we understand the stakes and know which side we are on. The drama is not only clear, but our interest definitely engaged.

Up till a year or two ago it was in many parts of Africa not man but chaos that was winning, by means of its servant the tsetse fly, so that now there is being carried on a drama of attack and defence in which the special qualities of insect, primitive man, and modern scientist are each displayed in an unusually dramatic and picturesque light.

The insects' two weapons are sleeping sickness for direct attack upon man, and nagana for his allies, the latter being a wasting disease that kills cattle and horses wholesale, making agricultural and pastoral life impossible. Typically, the insects are passive carriers, indifferent nurseries for the disease—producing germs, the growth of trypanosomes in their stomachs not inconveniencing them in the least. Typically again the insects never change weapon or device, but, monotonous, deadly and effective, intent only on food, ceaselessly unconsciously carry the disease to man and his dependants. Against sleeping-sickness and nagana the black man has only the weapon of flight. Over areas almost as big as France the fly has put him to rout, has killed off the inhabitants of whole districts, when they did not run fast enough.

The black man may be passive; the scientist fights back, and tries now this, now that, till the layman is puzzled by so many feints and devices. Why does this entomologist sometimes burn miles and miles of dry scrub, only in another place to plant a dense hedge of trees? Why in one area did he a year or two ago decree the death of all the game—buck, eland, giraffe, and all? Why—most grotesque of all—does he send those black boys, with sandwich-boards covered with fly paper, bicycling up and down the forest paths? Why does he build what look like toll huts straddling across the only motor road, and there (with strange rites) delay honest folks going about their lawful business—to the distant cinema may be?

They are all counter moves in the battle, but what do they mean? The answer is, study the fly. The tsetse was first definitely convicted of being the sole bearer of the infection of sleeping sickness and nagana by Sir David Bruce and his helper Lady Bruce, and later by Doctors Nabarro and Kleine and others. The creature is sometimes about the size of a house-fly and of much the same build, sometimes nearly as big as a queen wasp. It is a dun coloured, ordinary looking insect, much like a big house-fly, but it has two notable characteristics that identify it in its "bad eminence" among the stinging armies of the tropics. Tsetse flies attack any moving object—man, motor, reed buck—rushing out directly the prey, or supposed prey, is in sight, attacking like a swarm of bees, a whole horde flying out together. That is one thing to know it by. When it settles you may certainly know it because, instead of its wings remaining half spread like those of a house-fly, they cross upon its back, compact and neat, like a pair of scissors.

Meanwhile, having settled on man, giraffe, or horse, the creature sucks, for the tsetse lives only on blood, and out of the stinging clouds of fly one in every thousand almost certainly carries the germs of death, and where there is an epidemic, perhaps one in a hundred. Suspected cattle and horses become thin, their coats loose their gloss; soon the animal, now a bag of bones, becomes too weak to stand, and dies. A man who has been bitten feels a sharp prick and afterwards a tormenting irritation. If the fly has been a carrier of the trypanosome the man will after some days become ill with fever. The fever lasts for several days and then subsides, but it comes back after a few days or sometimes a few weeks—each feverish attack being worse than the one that went before.

Dr. Torrance, an American traveller, has described a village on the West Coast of Africa where the inhabitants had been attacked by sleeping sickness.

"When we drew near to the hut of the old chief in the village, I began to see the sick lying about on all sides, at the doors of the huts, and propped up against the mud walls of the dilapidated buildings. The air reeked with sickness. The stricken village seemed like a cemetery on a grey wet evening. Hundreds of vultures perched on the trees and, here and there, a dozen or so would be seen, hopping about, pecking lazily at some still form upon the ground. Inside his hut the old chief was lying on a pile of leopard skins against the inner wall in a stupor and utterly indifferent to our presence. I could see that he had been a big, tall man and was maybe sixty years of age, but he was so emaciated that the black skin appeared brownish white, and almost ready to break and let his bones stick out."

When fly are first seen on the borders of native cultivation and some of the cattle begin to waste, is it to be wondered at that the inhabitants should take to flight? But though this running away is natural and even inevitable, it makes the tsetse problem worse, for the bush soon spreads over the ground which the natives had cleared, and (here comes in the reason for some of the antics of the scientists) the rough scrub that grows over deserted fields is the home that the tsetse loves best. The real key to the position is that the fly will breed neither in bare open country nor in dense shade. Thus the scientist burning the bush is trying either to clear an area or else to put a barrier round an infected patch and so isolate it. Tests are now going on to establish how wide the *cordon*

(Continued on p. 148)

PIPES for IRAQ

A considerable proportion of the 1,200 mile pipe-line, which will ultimately carry oil from Iraq to ports in the Mediterranean Sea, has been secured for Great Britain, in face of the keenest possible foreign competition, by Stewarts and Lloyds, Ltd., and a large portion of this order is now being executed at the works of the Bromford Tube Co., Ltd., of Birmingham.

Commencing at Kirkuk, in Iraq, the pipe-line will be laid across the desert, to Haditha, where it will fork, one section being carried through the British mandated territory of Palestine to Haifa, and the other through the French mandated territory of Syria to the port of Tripoli.

The undertaking is being financed by British, French, Dutch, and American oil groups, the British group being the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government has large holdings.

The first section of the British order calls for over 40,000 tons of weldless steel tubes, the main size being 12¾-inch outside diameter by ·330-in thick, in lengths of approximately 40 ft. This particular size and diameter of steel pipe weighs more than 100 tons to the mile.

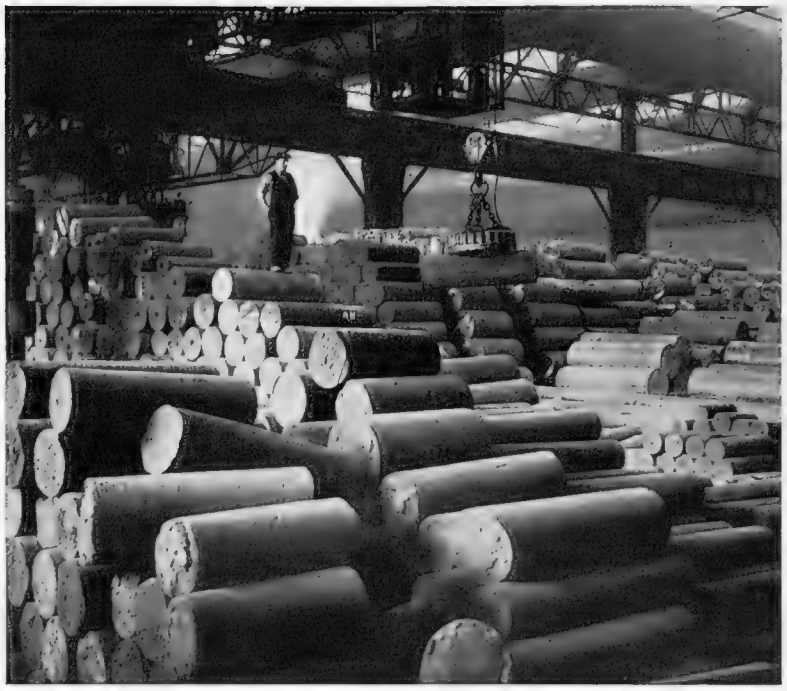
These tubes are being made from cast steel ingots, all of which are manufactured in the Birmingham district and are of British origin throughout. They are 18 in. in diameter by 5 ft. long and weigh nearly 2 tons each. The ingots are heated to about 1,300 deg. Cent. in an oil-fired furnace and remain in the furnace for several hours in order to secure an even temperature throughout the billet from the core to the outside. The heated ingots are then pierced through the centre in a rotary piercing mill, which operation converts the solid billet into a hollow bloom about 11 ft. long with a wall thickness of 2⅝ in. This pierced bloom is then transferred without further heating to another machine known as a pilger mill which, step by step, rolls the short thick tube into a finished tube about 80 ft. long and of the above diameter and thickness in the record time of 4½ min.

The plant on which the tubes are being manufactured is capable of producing the largest hot-rolled weldless steel tubes in Great Britain and is the latest addition to the very extensive tube-making plant at the works of the Bromford Tube Co., Ltd.

Actually the plant is rolling the tubes at the rate of 8 ingots per hour, representing an input of between 14 and 15 tons of solid steel, and an output of 640 ft. of finished tube every hour. To maintain this rate of production two of the oil-fired, continuous heating furnaces are in operation, and as the process is a continuous one—the works operating day and night—over 300 tons of steel are used, and approximately 15,000 ft., or nearly 3 miles of finished tubes are produced every 24 hours.

After the pilgering operation the pipe is passed through a sizing mill to ensure correct outside dimensions, then weighed and cut off to the exact length required. Every pipe is subjected to a most rigid inspection, gauged for thickness, water-tested to an internal pressure of 1,000 lb. per square inch, coated with anti-corrosive paint, marked, and then despatched to the port of shipment—in this case, Ellesmere Port—from where they start on their long ocean journey to Bazra.

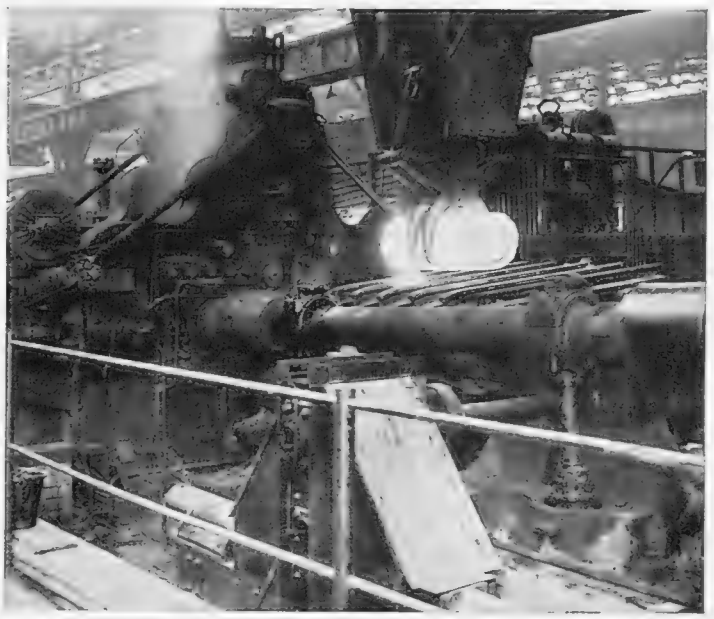
Both ends of each tube are swelled to a predetermined diameter, and the edges of the enlarged portions are bevelled to an angle of 30 deg.



CAST STEEL INGOTS from which the pipe-lines of Iraq are in process of being made. Each of these ingots is 5 ft. long by 18 in. in diameter and weigh nearly 2 tons apiece. One is being moved by a magnetic crane

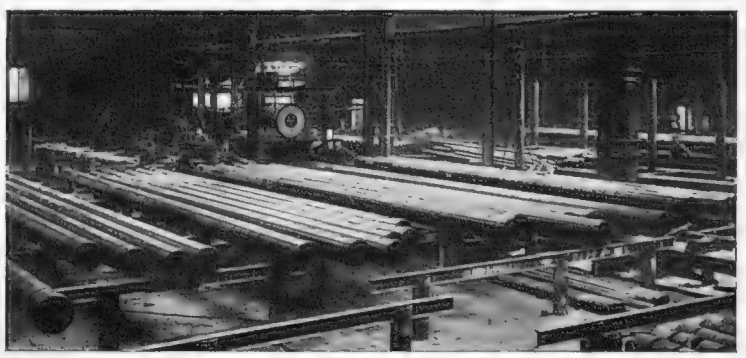
UNLOADING: The cast steel ingot, brought by a lifting magnet (the metal weighs 2 tons!) to the tube works, is decanted on to a lorry

DRILLING: Through the centre of the cast steel ingot a hole is drilled two inches in diameter, to a depth of three inches



TRANSPORT of an ingot, heated in the oil-fired furnace to 1,300 degrees centigrade—at which temperature it is kept for several hours to ensure even heating throughout—to the piercing drill

PIERCED: The rotary piercing mill converts the solid billet into a hollow bloom some 11 ft. long, with a wall thickness of 2⅝ in. Thereafter, the tubes are sent to a pilger mill which elongates them sevenfold. The layers of the pipes shown in these pictures have recently been attacked by a band of marauding Bedouins



FINAL INSPECTION: All pipes are gauged for thickness, water tested to an internal pressure of 1,000 lb. per square inch, coated with anti-corrosive paint, marked and despatched to Ellesmere Port whence they are taken to Bazra

THE PILGER ROLLING MILL turns the short pipes 2⅝ in. thick and 11 ft. long into a pipe 80 ft. long, 12¾ in. in diameter, with a wall thickness of ·330 in.

C

THE UNFREE CITY of DANZIG

DESERTED, DEMORALIZED, AND DEAD is the proud c
it remains steadfast u

Why not, these healing post-Lausanne days, concentrate on the good that men are doing, and upon the hope and purpose of to-morrow in relation to those twin giants—Armaments and Economics? Why not join up in the "new order" chorus and give trouble, elsewhere, a rest?

It is rather difficult. One has seen too many Conferences and their aftermaths, one has heard of too many "new orders" since Versailles (and Locarno their classic) to be quite ready to swallow another just yet. Surely one of our errors in the past dozen years has been to proclaim, precipitately, ground for hope that was unwarranted? A policy bringing loss of heart, of confidence, in its train? May it not be better to stick to a low but fact-governed key instead of these intermittent flits on the switch-back, and which always, somehow, leave one in the hollow at the end, or, at any rate, have done up till now? To make a positive salad of metaphors, insistence on seeing grey, so long as grey it is, may not be a popular attitude, yet ought it to be scouted as the reaction of an inveterate damper of events? Indeed, I know some who would go so far as to call an anticipatory reminder, such as this article, "mischievous."

"Why not let Danzig lie low—all in good time—other things come first—why keep egging on the Germans to their desiderata?"

Well, I write of Danzig for the remarkably simple reason that the chief signers at Lausanne, the Germans, were thinking of "the political clauses," and that of these the Unfree City may well figure next on the agenda. Particularly so, should Hitler now blossom, though his advent is not essential.

There was occasion for long talks at Lausanne with Germans; and whether it be Hitler or Kaiser, or Papen or Hindenburg, the Reich has boiled its international attitude down to a straightforward formula. Says the Reich, "You made peace with us on fourteen points. Well, six of them are not working and have never worked. Europe is missing on six cylinders. Until these six pick up there's no peace with Germany!"

Since that was said to me, thank heaven we have picked up one or two of the missing cylinders, Reparations being no more. But there remain four others. In the first case, though, it is eminently desirable to set forth the fourteen points since these can hardly be as well known to younger readers as the Ten Commandments, whose number, as Clemenceau observed, had dissatisfied Wilson by a matter of four—

(1) Suppression of secret diplomacy.
(2) Freedom of the seas.
(3) Abolition of economic barriers.
(4) Disarmament founded on mutual guarantees.
(5) Impartial solution of colonial questions, having regard to the natives' interests.
(6) Evacuation of Russia and the help to be given her.
(7) Evacuation and reconstruction of Belgium.
(8) Evacuation and reconstruction of Northern France and return of Alsace-Lorraine to France.
(9) National frontiers for Italy.
(10) Autonomy for the nations of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.
(11) Evacuation of the Balkans and access to the sea for Serbia.
(12) Independence for Turkish territories and free passage of the Dardanelles.
(13) Creation of a Polish State composed of all the territories inhabited by Poles, having free access to the sea, and an International guarantee of its frontiers and independence.
(14) Creation of a League of Nations.

RUINED BY GDYNIA: The deserted aspect of the "Free" City chained by the fetters of starvation. Though union with Poland would save them, they will not secede from the Reich

Point 1 is of purely theoretical consequence. Point 2 has been nipped in the bud by Britain. Points 6, 9, 10, 11, 12 do not concern the Versailles Treaty, i.e. Germany. Points 7 and 8 have just been fulfilled at Lausanne. Point 14 took shape in the League. There thus remain four points whose alleged non-fulfilment, the Germans claim, justifies revision of the Versailles Treaty. Point 3: tariff walls stand everywhere. Point 4: there has been unilateral disarmament only. Point 5: exclusion of Germany from the colonial nations. Point 13: creation of the Free State of Danzig.

Point 3 is coming under review at the World Economic Conference. Point 4 is likewise up for judgment at the Disarmament Conference. Point 5, a very live one, we of England shall hear more of. Point 13 is ours to-day. Point 13! Thus closely connected with actuality is Danzig—in point of fact, one of the two remaining major grouses of Germany, not yet being dealt with, inasmuch as the Saar is going back to her on some form of payment, by 1935 or earlier, and Upper Silesia is tethered to Danzig. Not one occasion from now onwards will the Germans miss of trotting out their "political clauses." Their title to trotting out Danzig is that it forms a danger to peace.

DORMANT: One of the greatest of Danzig firms does no business, owing to the cut-throat competition of Gdynia and the general ruination of the once Free City's trading

There exists a third major grouse not in the Points, the matter of war guilt, over which the Reich is making such a song and dance. May it be hoped the ex-Allies and Associates will shortly see their way to giving satisfaction in simple form and that Germany will shut up thereafter, on a purely theoretical matter, and be satisfied to draw the solid beans and bacon. There exist two interpretations of famous article 231: (a) that Germany was responsible for the whole distant fashioning of the War; (b) that she was responsible for its immediate outbreak. One gathers the Germans bitterly resent the former but they do not, indeed, could not seriously, challenge the latter except in so much as they could point to Vienna. Importantly, the *Temps* article recently argued that only this second and lesser interpretation was in the Treaty-framers' minds. We may smile; but very well, if that was so let's have it, let us out with it at the earliest opportunity in a joint declaration. And one more river will have been crossed.

Now for this Danzig one, the ugly, broad, brown Vistula—

The fine old Hansa City of Danzig was, with its hinterland, fashioned into a Free State under the League of Nations, twelve years ago, prior to which it had been policed by a British contingent under our 11th Corps Commander. The Free State was measured out nearly as big as Luxemburg, and it held 400,000 inhabitants, the overwhelming majority of whom—95 per cent. I believe—were and remain of German origin and heart. However, the truncation apparently had to be, in order that President Wilson's 13th Point, creating Poland-on-Sea, might be given form and substance. Danzig was to be Poland's access to the sea, and far more than a mere "window."

Danzig was incorporated in the Polish Customs system, and it was dowered with a Polish High Commissioner in addition to the League representative responsible for the Free State's independence and respect of treaties—functionaries named Papée and Gravina these two are now. On the home rule side Danzig was given its own Senate and Diet, and in 1921 it was further given the valuable privilege, for a period of ten years, of being able to export half-completed articles for completion in foreign countries, and of re-importing the finished article without customs due of any kind. Although belonging to the Polish Customs system, Danzig could do this in compensation for lost business formerly based on collaboration with German houses. All through the 'twenties there wasn't too much protest from Danzig which was escaping some of the Reich's hard times. Poles and Danzigers cordially disliked one another, and now and again visited the World Court about it, but otherwise all relatively quiet on the Eastern front. Yet something was happening, materializing, during these years which now has shot over the horizon as a dreadful new monstrosity of our times—a whole, new, over-produced seaport! The tale is simple. In 1920, when Poles and Bolsheviks were avoiding one another in the strangest war in history, the Danzigers refused to let through munitions for Warsaw. Very good, said the Poles, we'll build a port of our own where our Corridor rests on the coast. And, lo! Gdynia was born, twelve miles across the water from Danzig.

Senate and Diet of the old Hansa city to-day shake their fists across at Gdynia; for Gdynia rather took the French fancy around the Ruhr time of 1923–24 and under the Poincaré ægis francs were fairly shovelled across so that it might fructify into a real full-blown modern affair and munitions point d'appui. It has. It counts 40,000 inhabitants and seven miles of docks, in 1932. And, naturally, Poland is using it to the exclusion of Danzig. Gdynia handles 5,000,000 tons a year. Danzig is dying. I am not going into a lot of prepared statistics showing that more traffic is going through Danzig now than before the War. You've only got to go to Danzig with the perspicacity of a Calabrian-in-the-siesta-hour and you'll see that Danzig is taking the count. How much of it is world crisis and how much Gdynia I don't know but minus the latter Danzig would certainly not be in the plight it is to-day.

Question: Was the building and development of Gdynia in conformity with the Wilsonian purpose of protecting Danzig?

Let us see straightly. Poland had humanly enough hoped that with the years Danzig would be wheedled into the Warsaw influence completely, that the Free State would come to accept Poland in all but name and perhaps even in that. Yet what has to be reported? The same old story as in the Ruhr, as in the Rhineland, as everywhere, of a tempted Fritz refusing to budge an inch from the Fatherland. Steadfast und treu! An infernal nuisance, but steadfast und treu! So Gdynia was built—to learn him. Also for practical purposes. Gdynia, the Poles now call their "national sanctuary." Try calling it a menacing freak.

ON THE FRONTIER between Danzig and Poland at five a.m. Hundreds of farmers' carts, filled with cheap foodstuffs are seen en route to Danzig crossing the customs-frontier which is open to Polish goods

Hanseatic town of Danzig, but yet, even in its ultimate ruin *treu* to the *Vaterland*

The Most Intricate Problem of Modern Europe Lies in Danzig where Franco-Polish, Nazi, and League Interests Clash

By FERDINAND TUOHY

It remained for 1930–31, years which shook us all awake, to write the second act of the present drama of Danzig. The Poles began to feel the pinch. Even severely. So just as soon as the ten year incompleted-article privilege had run its course, vital, all-commanding though it was to Danzig, the Poles set about making it a dead letter. They told the League that the Danzigers were simply flooding Poland with their duty-free goods. The League demurred. The Polish Government arbitrarily took such measures as virtually closed the frontier on Danzig goods, thereby also contributing to the separation of Danzig from the outside world. The Poles contend that the ten-year privilege was given in order to tide Danzig over a period of transition while that city adapted itself to the new frontiers and conditions but that Danzig regarded the privilege as a permanent affair and turned down all collaboration with Poland which, nevertheless, stood by patiently until grim necessity demanded that the hole in her economic armour be plugged. To which the Danzigers reply that because an accord was for ten years that's no justification for rescinding it the eleventh and that anyway, owing to Gdynia having torpedoed the city's second major industry, shipping, there's much more reason now for the cancelled privilege than there was in 1921; and that, moreover, it's nonsense to say that Danzig commerce should be restricted to the territory of the Free State—it had ever extended far beyond such limits.

So runs the prosaic economic clash. Behind it you may distinguish a more palpitating note.

"Danzig," say its burghers, "a German city separated from Germany by violence, remains German to this hour. No justification in this world can be adduced for altering such fact. Because that is so, for the moment the Poles are abstaining from polonizing us openly. But the Poles are using the world crisis to deprive us of our German character. A period of ruin is the basis of their attempt. This exploitation of the world crisis, an historic interlude not provided for in the Versailles Treaty, will be fought to the end."

"Danzig," say the Poles, "was also Polish for centuries. Still, there's no idea of occupying the city in order to polonize it subsequently, at least not so long as military requirements remain uninvolved. We never desired to polonize Danzig on ruin. Yet if a combination of the world crisis and frontier delineation encompasses ruin we are not going to try and stop this for the good reason that in so doing we should be damaging our own afflicted economy. Polonization will come naturally. But no one should suspect us of having deliberately engendered a situation just because it happens to favour us."

Actually, Warsaw is doing much as it pleases, for its current possession of the one thing that counts locally—force.

Act Three now fills the stage . . . .

A décor of swastika signs . . . .

Trust Hitler to pounce on nostalgic, loyal, victimized, stagnant Danzig. The Free City! The *Unfree* City! Bound and fettered to a despised tribe. Unable to call its soul its own. Unable to sell a trinket in its own sustaining.

INVASION: Every Sunday hundreds of Poles visit Danzig, for, under the League, the city is "free"—to them. The Nazi element bid fair to make their visits rarer

The Nazis have well and truly come to town for here is the finest field of all, that of a thrilling irredentism. Drink deeply of glorious beer on the Marktplatz and watch the brownshirts go by, swagger by, giving a "Heil Hitler!" right arm up, as the spirit moves. And gaining instant response. See the Hackenkreuz standards all the way down the Warshauerstrasse. They are up for 4,000 German congressionalists come from Germany at the instance of the President of the local Diet, Dr. Salm, who is also Mayor of Berlin. A link, that "To the Treaty of Versailles," proclaims the chief local orator, "we oppose a treaty not written, yet always living, and which is graven on our German breasts."

Polish boy scouts were recently refused admission to the city.

Danzig bleibt Deutsch roars an immense banner. *Zurück zum Reich* (back to the Reich) is strung permanently in big black type across the Hitler daily paper, *Vorposten*. And, underneath, "*Don't Buy from Poles or Jews.*"

The Nazis have their Kommandantur in the Hundegasse near the fine old Flemish Zeughaus, and it is the editor of *Vorposten*, Dr. Forster, who commands the seven Standarten Danzige, of one thousand apiece. How journalists are getting mixed up in things. More and more. For better or for worse.

Students and schoolboys, one and all, parade in fresh and joyous offshoots of Stahlhelm or Hitlerism, routing out little Poles. The very ultimate Wehrwolf could be mustered here. Not to mention 1,300 Schupos and as many frontier guards and ten real live pieces of artillery belonging to the police who also own a hundred machine guns. Without, in the corridor, watches and trains a conscript army based on two and thirty million people and given the last word by Schneider and Creusot.

Ah, what a mess it all is. Come down to the harbour for a while and watch the couples sailing in the summer ripples, and lilting Berlin airs close at hand, and sun, and peace.

Since then a sprig of German Fleet has moored in that harbour to crashing national strains. And the Nazis went rather madder than usual that night, swatting people on the head. Poles, Jews, Socialists, Communists. Four brands. What swatting! Murders, too. And Polish powder-yarns of the Hackenkreuz carved on Polish breasts. Suppressed warfare is on in the streets o' nights, with justice entirely inclining to one side. For the Nazis hold the political balance of power. Thirty-two of the Right against twenty-eight Socialists, Communist, and Poles. Only a majority of four, but then there are those Standarten.

It is this Nazi ascendancy, with avowed object the rapid re-incorporation of Danzig in the Reich, which has thoroughly alarmed the Poles since a German Danzig would hold Gdynia at its mercy under gunfire once Germany had achieved the right to arm. The "national sanctuary"! And the Poles realize too well that a German Danzig would mean the connection with isolated East Prussia re-forged. It is not so easy for the Poles who may be jackbooted and excitable and prone to be unceding, as people can be when not sure of themselves, yet who were let in for their present unattractive position by the Treaty we fashioned. It may be no use telling a Pole that Hindenburg cannot go on for ever as good as asking permission to cross into his native East Prussia in order to stay at Neudeck. It may be no use anyone arguing with Poles at all.

Except one people—the French. Even as we are the accepted go-between with America, sooner or later France, let us hope the France of Herriot, must, at any rate should, stand by with cool, compensating words for Warsaw.

This Danzig business is the deuce. You might think it were tolerably straightforward—that Poland could be guaranteed access to the sea and permanent possession of her port of Gdynia and that Danzig could go back, criss-cross-ways, to Germany, and that would be that. But it wouldn't be so one bit. For the capital reason that the future of Danzig is entirely linked to Poland, that if the city went back to Germany it would probably lose *all* its trade, failing some arrangement. For in the past all this country behind Danzig was Russia and Prussia and it all came down to the sea at Danzig. Now it is largely Poland and it would all go down to the sea at Gdynia, the over-produced port.

The worst of it is that time is working against peace, as hopeful Poles follow crumbling Danzigers, down, down — to what at the bottom? Not that violence is for to-morrow or even the day after but the more one enquires the more one is convinced that if war starts in Europe again its seat will be semi-strangled Danzig. (Strange play of things that our growing rampart against war should be lack of pence, reducing armies; Poland, francless, must soon take counsel.)

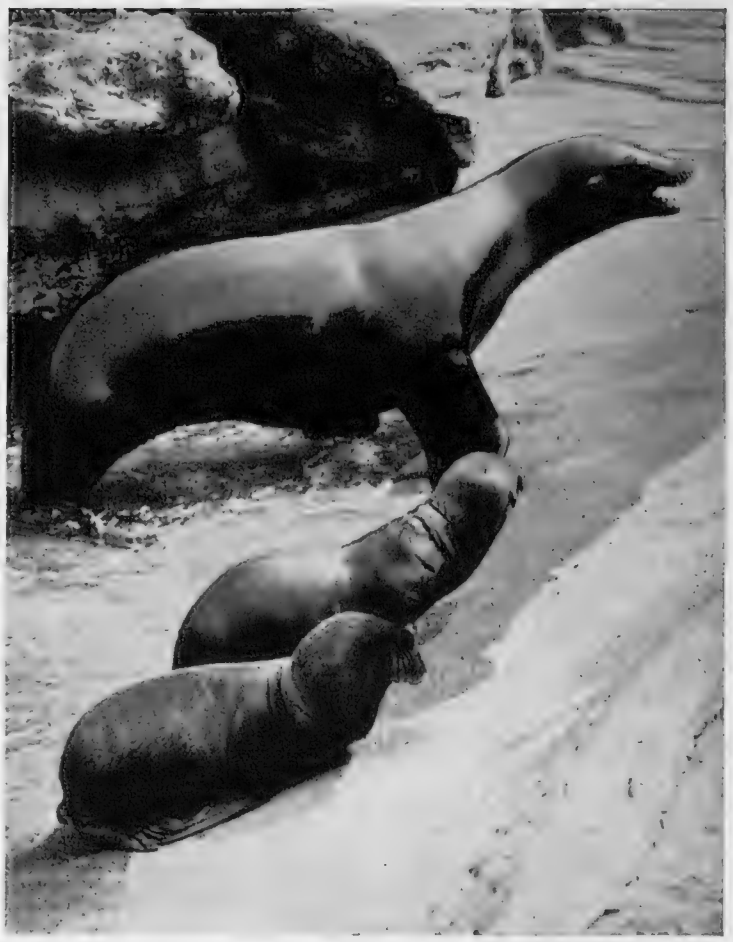
There is right on both sides, as one sees it. Without a shred of doubt the fashioner of the Fourteen Points would have recoiled in righteous horror at the degree of self-determination being handed out under his Thirteenth Point in so far as the Danzig Free State is concerned. Danzig may be nominally independent under the League but, in fact, is pretty well unable to raise a finger in self-succour. Without question some means should be devised, in a pukka conference, for the reunion of Danzig with the Reich as speedily as may be; if only for the quelling effect such reunion must have on the more strident elements in Germany. But how to do the thing? The Poles are as touchy and adamant just now as a flock of prime donne. We gave them their re-nationhood. In the event, we gave them too much. We made error. It might be sound to begin admitting this here and there while at the same time indicating that guarantees and compensation are included in our way of thinking. One evening I tried to work out a scheme of giving fifty-fifty trade to Gdynia and Danzig, and the latter to Germany together with a broad avenue across the Corridor to East Prussia yet which would remain permanently wide open to Poland under international guarantee . . . but after a while I desisted, deciding I knew nothing about it. I had suddenly remembered Upper Silesia and the new broad-gauge double line linking that German-claimed mineral Klondyke with the "national sanctuary."

THE FREE CITY: A general view from the tower of the "English House" of Danzig, probably the focal point of the next European flare-up; certainly the area with the highest danger—potential in the world to-day

UNDERCUT PRICES: Polish dealers sell, for example, tomatoes at seventy per cent. lower prices than Danzig traders in Danzig owing to the heavy duties imposed on the latter

The ANIMAL KINGDOM

ELECTION OF THE FITTEST: At this time of the year in Switzerland the herds of dairy cows are taken from the lower slopes into the mountain pastures and the first thing to be done is to select the animal from each herd to be Queen for the season. This is done by staging fights in which the contestants interlock horns and attempt to push each other to the knees. If one breaks away she is considered beaten and the others will not follow her



A COW AND HER PUPPIES: The two baby Sea Lions recently born at the London Zoo emerge with their mother from a swimming lesson. Their presence lends an additional appeal to one of the most popular features—especially at feeding time—of the Mecca of animal-lovers

ALBINO: A Wallaby at the London Zoo. This species of marsupial, which is very much akin to a kangaroo, save in bulk, has been incorporated in an Australian colloquialism "on the Wallaby" being slang Down-Under for tramping about in search of work

"WHY WAS I NOT BORN A GIRAFFE?" A Llama at a private Zoo reaches for leaves from the upper branches of a tree by "begging" on its hind legs. Llamas are attractive beasts despite their expectoratory habits

"SHE STOOPS TO . . .": An unusual study of a Flamingo at the Zoo, the serpentine neck seen in a pose of remarkable sinuosity. Readers of *Alice in Wonderland* might wonder if the bird had posed for Tenniel

"'I'M GOING A'MILKING, SIR,' SHE SAID!" Mary, daughter of Sir Harold Mackintosh of Conyngham Hall, Knaresborough, Yorks., earnestly engaged with one of the superb Jerseys on the estate

A WORLD SURVEY

DOES VEGETARIANISM INCREASE THE GROWTH OF HAIR? These pictures from the International Vegetarian Congress in Berlin would seem to give an affirmative answer. Perhaps their tonsorial is as unorthodox as their dietetic convention!

BELGIUM USES THE STRONG HAND: Machine guns, steel helmets, and even armoured cars and cavalry charges were used at Charleroi against the striking miners. A bombing 'plane was used for observation of knots of strikers

BELGIAN STRIKERS in the Mons Basin are forbidding anyone to go down to the pits. A mobile force of fifty bicyclists is endeavouring, by visiting factory after factory, to provoke a general strike under Communist direction

THE LIFE AND PROPERTY PROTECTION AT COLOGNE: The Central Government has co-operated with Provincial Government and Municipal Authorities to provide one of the most diverse displays of the kind ever organized in any country. The military sections are of particular interest in this year of Disarmament Conferences. There are fascinating sections illustrating the nefarious activities of every kind of criminal, side by side with the methods of the police to outwit the enemies of society, from smugglers to thieves and murderers

AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE has long been something of a scandal; it remains for the conventions of the great political parties to turn it into more of a jest. The ineffable American captionist writes: "Senator Tom Connally, nominator of John N. Garner, has the able assistance of Morena Passmore of Houston, Texas, in leading the demonstration for Mr. Garner. She sang for half an hour, and kept up the spirit of the demonstration with remarkable leadership." *Verbum sapiente sufficit*

Drawn by G. Rowlandson
THERE WERE 500 MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE in 1802; before that period the meeting place was New Jonathan's coffee house

IN LONDON'S BUSY

A Personal Description of the Stock Exchange, Busy with the Repercussions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Conversion of £2,000,000,000 War Loan

By CHARLES GRAVES

A county cricket captain and a sporting baronet both "dared" me this week. The cricketer dared me to walk with him across the floor of the Stock Exchange. The baronet dared me to walk without him across the floor of the Stock Exchange. He said he would meet me at the other side. The reason why he would not accompany me was because he had a plated leg and would not have been able to move quickly enough from the scene of action if I had been discovered. I refused both of these challenges, because I happen to have one of those unfortunate faces which once seen are not easily forgotten, and quite a number of people might have recognized me, shouted "fourteen hundred," and then might have made life a little hectic for a few moments until one of the "waiters" saw my plight and elbowed me out to the nearest exit.

Nowadays strangers do not have so rough a time as they used to do if they were detected trespassing. Not so long ago they would have their jackets torn and possibly their trousers removed. To-day the most that is likely to happen if you are recognized is that one or two people will start pushing you about, tilting your hat over your eye and urging you with misleading geniality not to leave them, until one of the waiters, resplendent in gold-braided top hats and dark blue uniforms with red collars and buttons, spots your predicament and removes you rapidly. The cry of "fourteen hundred" is a traditional throw-back to the time when for some years there were exactly 1,399 members of the Stock Exchange, and any newcomer was therefore an interloper. Frankly, I think I was a bit of a coward in not accepting these challenges. For the Stock Exchange is enjoying such a boom that there is no time for horseplay. Shares are soaring and "bargains" are being made every minute. Even at luncheon time the place is a mild pandemonium. I know, because, following directions, I made my way to the side door of the Stock Exchange leading on to Bartholomew Lane and was able to stand for some minutes at the entrance gazing on the scene.

The Stock Exchange is a vast, irregularly-shaped building with two domes and a roof mostly of glass. It is early Victorian in atmosphere, with any number of meaningless pillars which waste a great deal of space and prevent one from seeing more than two-thirds of the floor at any one point. Various little pulpits, on which stand the waiters, emerge above the sea of bare heads and tall hats. The floor is covered with torn paper. People rush to and fro, barging into one another every now and then. There is a tremendous noise. Brokers hurry in and out of telephone boxes where they are getting orders from clients in Glasgow (let us say), finding out what the prices are, hurrying back to tell the country brokers, hurrying out to execute their commissions, hurrying back to say that they have been successful.

The "waiters," as the uniformed servants of the Stock Exchange are called, shout the names of the people who are wanted outside. The pneumatic telegraph wads arrive and depart with loud-expiring bangs. The people in the various markets yell out what they want to buy or sell. There are snatches of choruses from the more boisterous members. Even now, when waiting for the Paris prices which come through at 1 p.m., or the American prices, which come through shortly after 3 p.m., there is a certain amount of horseplay. An unpopular member will be standing with a newspaper innocently under his arm. Some so-called wag will light it with a match, and then, when it is well started, will shout "Fire, fire," while the victim throws down the burning mass and stamps it out amid derisive laughter. Another trick is to blow up empty paper bags which had been used for fruit and sweets, and then jump on them to cause loud reports. At the moment there is not enough time to indulge much in this witty sport. But boys will always be boys even on the Stock Exchange.

As I gazed through the open door, like whoever it was gazing at Paradise (?), I noticed that there was one section of the huge, beige-coloured, shapeless hall where men queued up patiently. There was no shouting. A tense muttering was all that one could distinguish. This was the Consols market. The men in the queues were armed with orders by wire, telephone, and cable to buy anything from five thousand to half-a-million. There is no open bidding here, and there is no reason to shout. The prices are standardized.

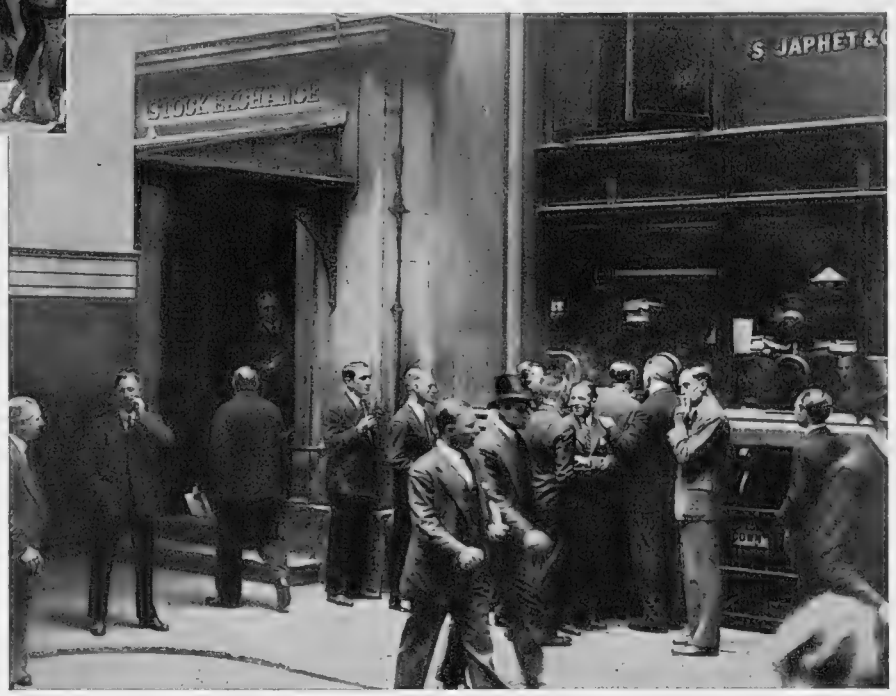
Each market has its own section of the great hall which looks rather like the Royal Exchange. One section, for example, is by tradition the place where brewery shares are dealt in. In another there will be heated men yelling "forty-five shillings buy Coats." Next to them will be others raising the bid by threepences and sixpences. They are jobbers, of whom there are twenty-five hundred, shouting the odds. They cannot deal with the public—only with members of the Stock Exchange. They are like a lot of bookmakers, and they have only one complaint—they can never tell whether the man who comes up to them with an order is a buyer or a seller. In consequence, they must always quote the range of prices on which they are prepared to do business. There is a good old story about a jobber who was offering some stock between 70 and 70½. A man came up and asked whether the jobber could not give him a closer offer, as he was acting for the estate of a deceased man. The jobber, presuming naturally that the estate was being sold, said "69½ to 70." The broker said, "I'll take it at 69½." For the dead man had been a gambler and had been caught short of the market, and so the broker's instructions were to buy.

As I peered through the doorway I noticed that hardly one man in eight wore a hat. One of the few was Sir John Mullens' successor as Government broker. His name is Gosling. There were even a few tall white hats, worn by principals, of course. Clerks never wear them. Considering the numbers of people, it was surprising how little dust there was. That is because the waiters walk to and fro with peculiarly long-necked watering-cans sprinkling an ozonized mixture on the floor. Naturally the atmosphere becomes a trifle stuffy in the afternoon, but it never rises above 70 deg., and it is nothing like so bad as it was in the old days when smoking was allowed. Smoking was forbidden because of the alleged danger from fire to the strong rooms underneath the floor of the house.

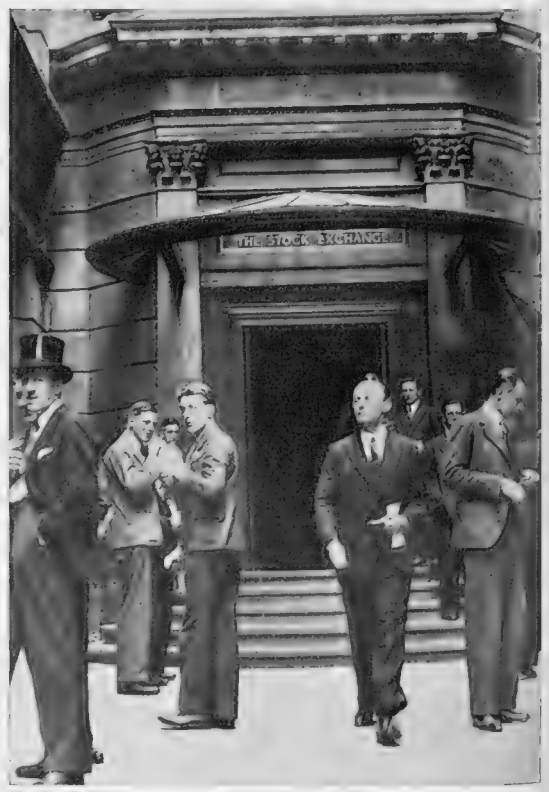
The main dome of the Stock Exchange is 100 ft. high over the Kaffir market. Water is frequently sprayed on its glass service in hot weather to cool the atmosphere. On the other hand, when it is raining hard, the water comes through on to the floor below. Despite all this, when business is keen, the moisture pours off the faces of the members. Surprisingly, because members of the Stock Exchange have little more than an extreme shrewdness in common, there is little open loss of temper. People may bump into one another in their excitement when business is brisk.

Recently, indeed, business has been so brisk that dealers have no time for luncheon. In the past, it has been so flat that they have had no money to buy their luncheon. One heard of harrowing stories of well-known jobbers borrowing half-a-crown to get their luncheon, and of firms which have been compelled to pay for the season tickets of their members on the Underground. To-day this has all changed. Firms are expanding their staffs again, and everyone is working at top speed from 9.30 a.m. to 5 at night. This is all the result of the Conversion Scheme, and the effects are not likely to wear off for a long time.

Stockbrokers have been flooded with inquiries from



HIDDEN AWAY IN SHORTER'S COURT there is a quiet entrance to the Stock Exchange—but however quiet it looks it is not advisable to try to slip in here—if you are not a member. Ragging is still indulged in in such circumstances; one's tie may be torn, one's coat deranged; on a day not too busy for fun nor too slack for depression even one's trousers removed. To-day, however, the House is too busy for such trivia. There is *business* to be done



ANOTHER ENTRANCE TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE will be found in Bartholomew Lane. This has a pilastered portico and has a more official air

STOCK EXCHANGE TO-DAY

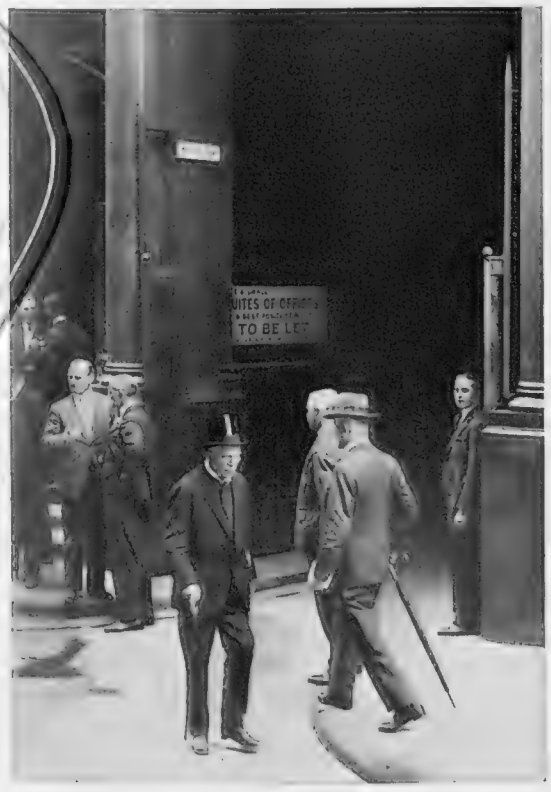
AFTER THE HOUSE IS CLOSED there is much business to be done in the open street. Here is a scene, taken a few days ago when business was being done after hours in Throgmorton Street. The number of toppers is much smaller than in pre-War days

clients who asserted that they could not live on their income when their dividends were cut from five per cent. to three-and-a-half. Letters of this sort have poured in by the thousand, and as many of the clients were compelled to invest in Trustee stocks the latter have risen enormously. Nearly all of them wanted gilt-edged stocks in any case, so these have risen enormously too. Others were prepared to take a chance in Industrial stocks, with the result that these have shot up also. Despite the number of these people with small incomes, they form nevertheless only a fraction of the holders of War Loan, and so the Conversion Scheme is in no way imperilled. On the other hand, they are numerous enough to be a tonic for all the other markets.

After leaving my peep-hole at the door of the Stock Exchange, I was just walking off down an alley-way when I met an old friend buying himself a peach from the open-air stock of chocolate and fruit off Bartholomew Lane. He had no time to go to lunch at the Lyons in Throgmorton Street, or Slaters, or the chop houses in Cornhill like Simpsons and the George and Vulture, which are the favourite resorts of the hungry stockbroker. He bought me a peach, however, and as we ate them in the hot sunshine he showed me his notebook with the "bargains" he had made in the last 20 minutes. Knowing how stagnant the Stock Exchange was only a month ago, it was an eye-opener. The list began with South Australian fives and New Zealand fives by way of Consols, War Loan, International Nickel, Marks and Spencer, Indian four-and-a-half, Treasury fours, Local Loans to more Consols. I noticed that against the Consols he had written 130s.

I said, "That seems a pretty small order."

"Not so small as that," he said. "That shilling sign means thousands, and means that I have just done a deal of £130,000. As you can guess, I have done very nicely indeed to-day, thank you."



IN SHORTER'S COURT there is at some special times of the day much business done; strangers are not wanted here

How many people do you suppose are on the Stock Exchange? The answer is that there are only 3,940 members, though in 1904 there were as many as 5,000. And how do you become a member of the Stock Exchange? The answer is that, first of all, you must buy a nomination from a retiring member. These nominations fluctuate in price tremendously. Before the present boom you could buy one for anything between fifty and a hundred pounds. During the War they were worth nothing. To-day you would be lucky if you could get one for £250. It must be added that, officially, a nomination is not regarded as a tangible asset. It is not like the New York Stock Exchange where you sell your seat as a matter of course, and know that it is definitely part of your stock-in-trade. During the boom period in New York seats were sold for as much as £20,000. At the height of the 1928–29 boom people here asked as much as £2,000 for a nomination, but it is not on record that they received this amount.

Having got your nomination, the next stage is to find three members of the Stock Exchange who must be principals willing to be surety for you for £500 each for a period of four years. This is in case of your defaulting, and they sign an application form to the effect that they recommend you as a fit and proper person, and add that you are eligible under the rules of the Stock Exchange. When this has been done you pay an entrance fee of 600 guineas. There is also an annual subscription of 100 guineas. On top of that you must buy three Stock Exchange shares, which now stand at £175 each. A few weeks ago they stood at £145—another sign of the times.

Mind you, if you start by becoming an unauthorized clerk and wear a blue button on the lapel of your coat, which costs 15 guineas and an annual subscription of 30 guineas, and enables you to go into the Stock Exchange though you cannot actually deal, things are not so expensive. For, after two years of this, you are eligible to be an authorized clerk when, though you are not a member, you can go in and deal on behalf of your firm though not for yourself. After two years of this, or four years of being an unauthorized clerk, it costs you only 300 guineas entrance fee to become a full member of the Stock Exchange. And, taken by and large, it costs you only about half what it would otherwise have been.

Some of the unauthorized clerks who hurry about with their 15-guinea blue button run messages and get prices until they are poor old men elderly enough to be grandfathers. They must be distinguished from the half-commission people who have nothing officially to do with the Stock Exchange, although some of them may incidentally be unauthorized or even authorized clerks. Half-commission men have seats in the brokers' offices, but they are not members of the Stock Exchange, nor are they recognized by the House. They merely introduce outside business to the firm which patronizes them and split the commision on the orders which they bring.

For ten years after the War, the more enterprising firms of brokers employed any number of half-commission men, picking them where possible from as many different circles of society and business as may be. One might be a member of the Bachelors' Club. Another might be a member of the Yacht Squadron. Another might be an ex-Guards officer. Another might hunt from Melton Mowbray and bring in business that way. A fifth and sixth might be first-class amateur golfers or lawn-tennis players. The nineteenth hole has often been a fruitful business place for getting an order, especially if the crack has allowed the middle-aged millionaire to square the match on the last green.

During the boom period some of the cleverer half-commission men earned as much as four thousand a year. Since then they have been at their wits end to pay their taxi-cab fares unless they have had some other means of livelihood.

Altogether, there are fourteen of the pulpit-like stands in the Stock Exchange, of which two have a sinister significance for members who are in low water. It is on these that a waiter takes up his position and, hitting the side with a hammer three times, announces that Messrs. Wallop and Wallop, trading as Twistem, Cheathem and Phony, cannot or have not complied with their bargains. This follows either their voluntary announcement to the Committee that they cannot meet their obligations, or the report from another member that he has received a cheque which has been dishonoured. Since the War this has happened between twenty and thirty times, but on less than a dozen occasions has the default been important, and nearly always it has been sheer bad luck on the part of the firm "hammered."

Once upon a time it was possible to deal in any kind of share. To-day there is a General Purposes Committee numbering thirty, of which Sir Archibald Campbell is chairman. This Committee is not to be confused with the Trustees and Managers of the Stock Exchange, who are eight in number and are directors of the actual Stock Exchange Company. The General Purposes Committee frequently refuses permission to a firm of brokers who have asked leave to deal in the shares of a new company, at least until after the publication of the first annual report and balance sheet. The best example of what could happen before the public was protected in this way was the company which was formed at the time of the South Sea bubble "for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." Each subscriber of a £2 deposit was to be entitled to £100 per annum per share. Its flotation met with great success, no less than a thousand shares being taken in six hours and the deposits paid.

You may say that such a thing could not possibly happen in 1932. I am not so sure. In these days of astrologers and clairvoyants credulity is as acute as ever, and as the cynics say "A sucker is born every minute."

So far I have said nothing about the historical aspect of the Stock Exchange. Frankly, though, this does not seem as interesting as the present state of affairs. One might refer to the fact that the present building was opened in March 1802 with some five hundred subscribers; one might add that before this the brokers and jobbers met at a coffee-house called New Jonathan's; one might trace the origin of stock jobbing to the need of the Dutch and other foreigners for agents on the spot. But I personally am much more interested to be told that the three leading firms of stockbrokers are Mullens, Marshall, Steer, Lawford and Co., R. Nivison and Co., and J. and A. Scrimgeour and Co. And it was a real experience to stand in Shorter's Court after four p.m. and hear jobbers round you shouting prices, while a pleasant-faced flower-seller tried to get rid of her last bunch of carnations, and one or two youths poured confetti on the craniums of bald-headed brokers from an upper window. You felt almost like a stockbroker yourself without any danger of your hat being trampled on or strangers asking you with dangerous politeness what your hurry was.

That is an experience that anybody can have while the boom lasts. And long may it do so, say I, though so far, to my great surprise, the Stock Exchange has not yet begun to deal in the shares of the company into which I recently formed myself.

Still, I cannot complain.

Nobody has asked it to do so.

MAPPING THE GLACIERS OF ALASKA FROM THE AIR: A wonderful air picture taken by U.S. mapping 'planes.' The staff of this naval service are to be cong clearness and beauty of this picture of mountain, glacier and ice-strewn inlet. One ice river can be seen stretching down on the left and another on the right—they a point near the centre of the picture. The point where this picture was taken is known as Twin Glacier lakes, near Juneau, in a district not far from Skagway and the f to Klondike

AN UNUSUAL RECREATION: An ice patrol officer cools his heels on a melting summer berg. Though the main stream of bergs calve off earlier in the year there are a number of stragglers to be met with in July and August and the watch by the Ice Patrol does not cease. Here is Lieutenant A. S. McHilyer of the patrol vessel *Tampa* taking a ride on a growler which is fast melting away in the warm summer waters

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SCENES FROM THE SNOWY NORTH

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ERODED ICE IN MAGDALENA BAY, SPITZBERGEN: This ice formation was photographed by Dr. Untersteener of the latest Spitzbergen Expedition to Smeerenburg and Magdalena Bays on north-west Spitzbergen

THE WEISSWAND PEAK IN SPITZBERGEN CLIMBED: The latest expedition to Spitzbergen climbed this peak for the first time, the height, 3,440 ft. One party also did some intensive work on Eider Island, on which they were blown by a stormy sea

THE AUSTRIAN SPITZBERGEN EXPEDITION explores the Nordenskiold Glacier. This expedition, which recently returned from Spitzbergen and has now published its results in an exhaustive volume, *Das Bergland-Buch*, at Graz, explored and photographed the Nordenskiold Glacier, which was first explored by Parry in 1827. A fine impression of the seaward end is here reproduced

PLAYS

MISS BERTHA RICCARDO, a versatile principal in Archie de Bear's "Savoy Follies" at the theatre of that name

An ideal, yet impracticable solution of the anxious plights to which theatrical managers are reduced whenever there is a hot summer would be to produce all London's plays out of doors provided the weather is fine.

In Madrid recently I found not only a revolution brewing but a most sensible device adopted by the local cinemas. Each of these theatres had (and, I suppose, still has) a theatre on its roof, open to the sky, to which the performance is transferred as a matter of course provided conditions are favourable.

London's climate is less trustworthy, even when a summer is, on the whole, behaving itself. Besides I cannot picture the elaboration of *Cavalcade*, troopship and all, being conveyed to the roof of Drury Lane, which would give the inhabitants of Bush House or even the learned staff of THE SPHERE a free if distant view. Mr. Cochran's anxieties over *The Miracle* would have been at least quadrupled had he had to build half a cathedral not only in the auditorium of the Lyceum but on the roof, with a chorus of nuns on the tiles.

But we have our parks, and not nearly enough use is made of them, theatrically speaking. I am glad that Mr. Sydney Carroll, whose tireless efforts on behalf of his production of *Twelfth Night* at the New Theatre are meeting with success, tackled the Office of Works and arranged for a series of flying matinées in the Botanical Gardens.

This is a spot which already has stage associations; indeed the majority of the public probably associate it more with that annual jamboree, the Theatrical Garden Party, than with botany. Instead of the contrariness of things arranging that the rain should descend on a mackintoshed Malvolio, and that Viola and Sir Toby and Sebastian should get on as best they could with umbrellas, the afternoon I was present was gloriously fine, and this famous black-and-white production took place under a sky which was not of leaden grey but of appropriately Italian blue. A comical and pastoral treat, by Shakespeare in his comical pastoral vein.

It is good, by the way, that a reminder has been given that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is not the only Shakespearean play for which the ideal production is an *alfresco* one. Unfortunately, one tiny shower can turn the finest *alfresco* play into an all-fiasco.

If only for their courage in tempting Providence and for their ingenious assumption that dramatic critics are partial to a troglodyte existence, hate sun and air, particularly on a Sunday, and like nothing better than to spend a hot summer evening in a theatre do I consider that the Sunday Playgoers' Association are worthy of applause. What has induced this body to suspend all further operations until the autumn I cannot understand. With a vista of (probably) fine Sundays stretching before them in August and September, they have tantalizingly omitted to fix a production from any one of them. As the impecunious subaltern said during the war of Cox's, the bankers, "they must be losing their nerve."

For their season's final bout of Sabbath breaking the S.P.A. chose a play entitled, *Mutual Benefit*. This achieved the remarkable feat of making some of us forget the sunshine just when we were attempting to do what Shakespeare himself has declared to be impossible.

"Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?"

Without light or air—that with due appreciation of the comforts and amenities of the St. Martin's Theatre—we had trifles light as air. This, thanks to Mr. Roy Jordan, the author of this play, I can only repay him by hoping that his next play will be produced on, say, some chilly Tuesday night in November when a visit to a theatre happens to call as strongly as a cup of sack to Falstaff at a Dorcas meeting.

Not that *Mutual Benefit* is a masterpiece. But it has that stuff in it that makes me wish to hear more of Mr. Jordan's work, and even this play over again, which may very well happen.

It is better in treatment than in construction, and in construction than in materials. For the author has thought out a plot as slight as it is improbable and embarrassing. If a young girl and a young man have given their friends sufficient indication that they are not only indifferent to each other, but are virtually, and virtuously, sex-less, the last thing they would think of doing would be to set out to prove the reverse.

As Mr. Jordan has made them do this, with more than one lapse from good taste, the situation can be redeemed only by amusing chatter, a sense of character, and a good supply of witty lines which can be remembered. All three are forthcoming, and only when facetiousness intervenes is the first upset. I'm afraid that when Mr. Jordan is facetious he is pretty trying.

Facetiousness among our youngest dramatists is as obnoxious a weed as ground-elder in an otherwise well-kept garden, and as difficult to get rid of. Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has made packets of money out of it—and that is the danger of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, good, easy, fellow.

Nevertheless, I like Mr. Jordan's play and the acting of Miss Jessica Tandy and Mr. Wallace Douglas. Miss Nadine March, clever and versatile though she is, made the mistake of nearly all young players cast for elderly characters. Having to play a woman of eighty she made her, with careful elaboration, at least 110—and skittish withal.

Mr. Bertram Henson is not content with the vicarious distinction of being Mr. Leslie Henson's brother. He has written a play. It is called *The Scion* and is not in the least like any play in which Mr. Leslie Henson has ever appeared (unless he has done so on the sly.) There being, obviously, a most serious streak in the family and Mr. Leslie having elected not to appear in the next Austin Melford farce with Mr. Sydney Howard, I shall not be surprised to find him joining Brother Leslie in the type of drama hitherto associated with Brieux and Ibsen.

The Scion, which graces the Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage, is a play about hereditary insanity. The subject is treated with the vast seriousness of a novice, a method which in itself adds light touches, albeit unconsciously, and in the wrong places. Since the author has also popped in some light touches on his own account, *The Scion* is not so gloomy a business as might be supposed. Were it not for Mr. Henson's

COSMOPOLITAN: Mr. Stanley Holloway as the Czech juvenile, Mr. Hal Bryan as the Swiss Admiral, Miss Florence Desmond as the German leading lady, and Mr. Gillie Potter as the town yodeller in a brilliant Savoy Folly entitled "The Dishonoured Czech." The sketches are exceptionally well written

VANITY: Miss Edith Evans as Irela protests to Mr. Wilfrid Lawson that another star shares the prominent capitals on the opera posters

TRIUMPH: Irela is toasted in the Artists' Room at the Opera after the frantically successful first night of her farewell opera season

HOMAGE: Irela kneels to the Princess (Miss Violet Vanbrugh), who has come as the envoy of the prima donna's royal lover

ABNEGATION: Irela consents to give up her (finished) career for the Archduke (Mr. Frederick Leister) —but fails to do so!

"EVENSONG" at the QUEEN'S THEATRE

DEMONSTRATION: The Doctor (Mr. Deering Wells) demonstrates to Rosenberg (Mr. Reginald Tate) the superb—even ideal—formation of Irela's throat

JEALOUSY: Irela interrupts Baba's (Miss Ethel Glendenning's) speech with the words: "Don't come down from your pedestal. It looks shaky but your friends will hold you up—for a time"

PETULANCE: Irela waves away the attentions of the Nurse (Miss Lucy Edwin) and Pauline (Miss Joan Harben)

The brilliant study of a *prima donna* by Beverley Nichols has been formed into a searching and scathing dramatic revelation by the author and Edward Knobloch. Presented at the Queen's Theatre, it gives Miss Edith Evans a superb opportunity, of which she fully avails herself

Alfresco Play: "Mutual Benefit": Hensoniana: The Passing of a Terry

By PHILIP PAGE

tendency, which is not incurable, to make his people talk at poignant moments in long melodramatic sentences which not even the most verbose of prigs would use, since human beings not only do not but *cannot* talk like that, it might also be a good play. It is decidedly promising, and I foresee a time when Mr. Bertram Henson will no longer have his plays produced on the northern side of Oxford Street, and will no longer be referred to merely as "Mr. Leslie Henson's brother."

If *The Scion* is Ibsenish it is not slavishly so. The youth who bears the name of an ancient but fishy family does not ogle pretty parlour-maids and end up by declaring that the sun is his and asking his mother to give it him. The point in this case is not "Whose sun?" but "Whose son?" For the youth, though the "Ghosts" scene seems to be set, turns out not to belong to the tainted family at all, but to have been the result of a passionate affair years before in Baden with a German professor whose ingrained methodical habits were temporarily in abeyance. I have rarely known an announcement of illegitimacy received on the stage with such evidence of joy, and it even made Mr. T. G. Saville, who was playing the part, start to act. Until that moment he had contented himself with a clever study of inaudibility. One of the best performances came from Mr. Hugh E. Wright, who did not make a fussy parson too farcical. With a better wig and no carnation, Mr. Charles Lefeaux would have been more credible as a rather offensive solicitor. Miss Marjorie Fielding had the longest sentences of anybody as the distracted mother and Mr. Felix Aylmer turned up to give pointed comedy to the last act as a prodigal father.

I am glad to hear that the next production at the Embassy, which is doing excellent work, both with its revivals and with its fortnight runs of interesting new plays, is to be a revival of *The Silver Cord*, by Sydney Howard. This fine play cannot, I fear, be put to the credit of the popular north country comedian, who is not a dramatist. It was produced at the St. Martin's Theatre a few years ago with Miss Lilian Braithwaite as the incarnation of maternal selfishness.

Non-stop variety spreads and grows. Non-stop variety would not now surprise me even at the Haymarket (where it would be preferable to non-stop closure) and crazy week at Covent Garden is by no means an impossibility. But that a show is continuous is not in itself a virtue. I looked in at the Prince of Wales's the other night to see an entertainment which for some inscrutable reason was labelled *Paris Edition*. It is, I suppose, a form of non-stop revue, fairly good of its kind, but, frankly, hardly good enough for the West-End. Of course, the advent of the cinema has robbed West-End entertainments of the particular *cachet* they at one time possessed; but this show is a little too reminiscent of trams and distant and unfashionable suburbs. There are, as I have said, good spots in it, and *Cuban Nights*, Carr and Parr (excellent dancing comedians) and the Gordon Ray girls presumably supplied the Parisian touch, though I would not presume too far.

Yet another dancer—Leslie Burrowes. She, for it is Miss Leslie, has just given one of those solo recitals which have been a feature of the summer season, and her interesting art made a pleasant interlude to the Fortune Theatre's present occupation with spiritualism and (Meurig) Morris dancing.

Miss Burrowes is of the school of Miss Mary Wigman, who was lately at the Globe Theatre, and this is a case of the disciple going one, if not more, better. She really does express herself in gesture. It is possible to get at the meaning of her graceful posturings simply by looking at them; it is not a case of reading meanings into them after consulting a programme. She is not a classical ballet-dancer and does not pretend to be. For this she substitutes a sense of the dramatic. Particularly effective was her episode (I can hardly call it a dance) called "Fear," accompanied by the thudding of drums.

It was in a play, *Fear*, by the late Lord Lathom, that I last saw poor Dennis Neilson-Terry, and in it he gave the finest performance of his all-too-short career.

He was apt to be misunderstood as an actor and he was, I think, consistently underestimated. Was this because he was a Terry, and had to follow a dazzling tradition set up by the older generation? Probably. Indeed, it is likely that he would have been held in higher estimate had he not been a Terry at all. In that case some of his performances, the one to which I have just referred in *Fear*, another in a French Revolution play, the name of which I forget, and the Japanese in *Typhoon*—would have been acclaimed as great, instead of merely very good.

"THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT": Miss Kathlyn Hilliard and Mr. Trefor Jones in the witty operatic satire at the St. Martin's Theatre

And Dennis Terry was steadily improving. He had thrown off a certain lackadaisical manner (it was a manner only, for he was the most conscientious of workers), and he was appearing in better plays, for he had wasted much time—I trust profitably—in crook-drama stuff. To his widow, beautiful Mary Glynne, a fine little actress who has also been undeservedly underestimated, goes out the true sympathy of the public they both served so faithfully.

The lack of orchestral music in London during the "season;" is extraordiuary when there is supposed to be on hand a supply greater than during the rest of the year of people with money or with artistic perception, or even with both.

But orchestral music and symphony concerts when they *do* come, come with a rush. Plans have now been fixed for an unprecedented amount of the best type of music, other than operatic. No other city in the world, not even in music-loving Germany, will be better equipped than London will be from August 6, when the promenade concerts start, right on until well into 1933.

Sir Henry Wood will be busy at the Queen's Hall nightly, except Sundays, from August 6 to October 1. I now hear of Sunday afternoon symphony concerts, given by a different organization. And the "Proms." are to be resumed in December, it having at last been realized that there is no particular power exclusive to the months of August and September to persuade the public to like classical music.

In addition to all this there will be the concerts of the B.B.C. orchestra and of the orchestra which Sir Thomas Beecham and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, with impressive financial backing, have decided to weld out of the best elements of the old London Symphony and Royal Philharmonic orchestras. Music is not in the "doldrums," however much people may squabble about it. Nor, for that matter, is the theatre.

"DAYS OF THE OLD SAVOY": The Gilbert and Sullivan finale of the "Savoy Follies"—an entertainment of varied and effectual appeal. Among other stars are Mr. Stanley Holloway, Miss Florence Desmond, and Mr. Gillie Potter, who is seen at his most irrelevant best

BOOKS :

Morand and Maurois : The Gay and Gallant Gordons : Vitriolic Maestros : The Future Revealed : Solomon and Balkis also Revealed

By CECIL ROBERTS

M. PAUL MORAND, par excellence the French traveller and man of letters, who is doing a book on London

A delightful though inconsequential friend of mine came up to me the other day. "Come along, André Maurois's here and wants to meet you." I was taken along the crowded lawn where waiters made a perilous passage with tea trays to meet the famous author wondering (1) what he was doing in England, (2) how fortunate that I had just read his latest novel and could, therefore, appear intelligent, (3) why his memory was very short, seeing that we had met two months ago.

An embarrassing situation followed our introduction. Since this was not Maurois, surrounded by ecstatic Society ladies, who adore a foreign writer they had never read, who was the impostor? I boldly recalled our last encounter, wondering how he would meet the challenge but, being a tactful Frenchman, he did not meet it but kept up the false rôle of Maurois until our host was out of sight.

Then, with a grin, he explained. "I'm not André Maurois, but I'm getting used to it since our host insists. I'm Paul Morand!"

I had seen him before in a French salon in the rue de Varennes some years ago, when the author of *Ouverte La Nuit* had created a great sensation. Since then he has given us *Bouddha Vivant* and *Magie Noire*. He is *par excellence* the French traveller and man of letters. I wondered at his presence in England, and he told me he was doing a book on London. Just now we are being very much looked at by our visitors. Morand's view of us is certain to be interesting and unusual. He is well equipped for the task. Years ago this pontiff of the Quai d'Orsay school of novelists, long before he was mobbed, or coined money, or had a sumptuous apartment in the Champs de Mars, or sat on a silk divan surrounded by Asiatic luxury, *à la* Loti, or owned a country house in Normandy, and betrayed a passion for English clothes, was born in Russia, educated in Oxford, Munich, and Edinburgh, entered the diplomatic service, and was an attaché in London, Rome, and Madrid. Now he is solely a man of letters and luggage labels. He knows us pretty well and speaks our language perfectly. He will be able to compare a lost London with London of to-day.

I find him quoted in a delightful travel book by those incorrigible wanderers, Jan and Cora Gordon, in their *Three Lands on Three Wheels* (Harrap. 12s. 6d.): "Paul Morand said that there are two good meals in England, breakfast and tea; one mediocre lunch; one bad dinner. But tea is the most English of all."

I agree, and for the last I would sacrifice all the the others. What a happy pair the Gordons are, and how their pluck has been rewarded. Once upon a time they began to travel across the earth because they were vagabonds and had nothing at all. Now their travel books sell by the thousands, but they are wise enough to remain vagabonds and travel for as little as possible. Hence the three wheels of their motor-cycle and side-car, the latter being their wardrobe. The three countries were France, England, and Ireland.

Every page in this book is delightful, original, and frank. They bring with them to England an imaginary M. Durand, in the rôle of innocent critic, and the things that man says! The Gordons frankly tell us that we have no business to take in visitors in the tourist sense, we have no idea how to treat them, since the conditions of really simple and inexpensive travel are quite impossible. I quite agree. You can travel poor in Italy, France, and Germany with cleanliness and comfort. I have done it in all these countries for 5s. a day inclusive, on the old exchange. Last year I walked down the Rhine, and never had a bad room or a bad meal, for 7s. a day, as an English *wandervogel*, though, of course, I was accompanied by a German. One dare not attempt that in England. I had a room in a promenade hotel, with a view of the Rhine, and running hot and cold water for 3s. a night. I shudder to think of the kind of room one could get for that sum in this country. On a Trust House standard we need not fear comparison with the Continent, but, as the Gordons found out, travel poor, and you travel dirty and unfed in this country.

INSPIRED VAGABONDS: Jan and Cora Gordon whose travel books are unique. Their latest *Three Lands on Three Wheels* is reviewed on this page

The charm of this book lies not only in the text, but also in the drawings that illustrate it. The Gordons miss nothing. I think I know that inn by the old walls in the medieval town of la Rochelle. I once looked in on the dance floor, with the three-man orchestra, and the Breton fishermen. I was *en route* that night to Cuba, and how much I wanted to linger. The Gordons always linger. They have no time schedule, and can stop to turn the corner and see what is there. They are experts at finding these enchanting corners, they found them in Burgundy and the Rhone valley, and along the Mediterranean coast.

They travelled through France *à la carte*. They gathered wisdom on wine, lingering at Sens and Chablis, and found that hostess of hostesses at an inn, who said, "Nothing ever interested me in life so much as cooking. I was always one of those who would rather make a new dish than a new dress." They learned that Burgundy keeps well in Belgian cellars, except for a German invasion, but that the Côte d'Azur spells death to all decent wines. They lingered so much and so palatably that they could almost reply in the words of the wise Frenchman who, asked for his preference in the matter of wines from Burgundy or Bordeaux, replied, "Madame, it is a trial at which I have so much pleasure in examining the evidence that I always postpone the verdict from one week to another."

I am sorry that, despite the insistence of an inhabitant, the Gordons went to West Wittering by an indirect road. Had they followed advice, and gone direct through Chichester, I might have had the luck to run into them. They landed in England viâ Newhaven, and straightway poor M. Durand had trouble with the language. But I must not quote. Here are nearly four hundred pages of excellent reading, delightful sketches, and a revealing picture of France, England, and Ireland.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis is a very different traveller. He likes nothing he cannot deride. He is the arch-cynic, the superior person. I wish that he had the superior prose that his publishers and his coterie claim for him—"this recognised master of prose." A more indigestible prose I have seldom had the misfortune to struggle with. He moves as gracefully as a lame policeman. *Filibusters in Barbary* (Grayson. 12s. 6d.) tells us the story of travels in North Africa and along the Rio de Oro. It covers Oran, Tlemcen, the Riff and Casa, and then moves to Marrakech and Agadir. Mr. Lewis is often amusing when he is intelligible, but he is only at his very best when he is abusing something or someone. I am inclined to agree with his grand tirade against film stars and film makers. As a superb example of abuse, not too far removed from a caricature of truth, here is an example of Mr. Lewis at his most vitriolic, inchoate *tempo*. As a sentence for "a master of prose" it is unique.

A VITRIOLIC SCOURGER OF HIS COUNTRY: Mr. Theodore Dreiser, whose *Tragic America* waxes strident

"One could imagine them as a diminutive, phthisic gutter-people, who had started in gutter-theatricals, prospered, spread over the world caricaturing any eccentricity, or imitating any particularly brutal behaviour on the part of the full-grown, 'normal,' master-people by whom they were surrounded—falling in and out of love, to show that they were *real* and not just puppets, and even taking their desperate pretence of reality so far at times as to blow their papier-mâché brains out—a small vampire, or vampish, kohl-lidded, heterosexual clan, an important subdivision of the *Untermensch*, selecting for their imitations, for preference, Crime—some specializing in gangster parts, some in coke-addict parts, some in Lesbian rôles—some partial to blackmail, some to arson, some sticking to 'straight' Murder-Club stuff, some having patent side-lines of fancy homicide—but *all* violent—*all* guaranteed to be intelligible to the least talented, to the most adenoid-stifled gutter-infant, or to the lowest average level of City-serfdom—always the crudest Box-office 'appealed' to—everything imitated by them to be vulgar and violent *de rigueur*."

It is a feat, I admit, but ten minutes of this goes a long way to apoplexy. I struggled to the end of Mr. Lewis's travels, not unrewarded (for he has a gymnastic mind), but quite exhausted.

Theodore Dreiser is addicted to long sentences, but he has a rhythm that sustains the reader to the end. In *Tragic America* (Constable. 10s.) I fear this admirable writer and man of genius has become a little strident. I do not doubt that all he says about America is true, that it is composed of filibusters, sharks, thieves, scoundrels, that it is entirely corrupt, that it indulges in slavery, that its police are bullies, its Presidents puppets, its church a mockery, its crime unique, its freedom a myth, its democracy a joke, and its plain citizen a nincompoop. But the reformer has ever been a tiresome fellow, with little sense of proportion, and I suspect Dreiser of foaming at the mouth. You cannot put this book down, of course.

I wonder he is not visited with a thousand libel actions, or assassination, or protracted death. His denunciation of the chain-gangs reads like a nightmare. I have stayed in Greensboro, North Carolina, O. Henry's native town, and a nice, clean, respectable place it seemed. But it has a chain-gang. A cage on wheels like those for wild animals in a circus, not only transports them along the country roads but furnishes them with their only home. At night, after working from daylight until dark, eighteen of these men, still chained together, are forced to sleep in bunks measuring only 8 ft. by 18 ins. If a man is more than a foot wide he has to sleep on his side. "Their lives are spent constantly chained, with double shackles rivetted at the ankles by a blacksmith, and occasionally with spikes a foot long." Coming from Dreiser I believe the charge. Dreiser proves convincingly that America is not owned by a democracy, but by the Rockefeller family. This book must be read to be wondered at. It makes Upton Sinclair's *Jungle* sound like a Kensington nursery in comparison.

Mr. John Buchan has hit upon a singular situation for his annual novel, *The Gap in the Curtain* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). A strange professor, with the light of genius and fanaticism in his eye, persuades six people in a country-house party to follow his directions, and by concentration and taking a drug, to obtain a glimpse into the future. They are asked to concentrate on seeing a future issue of *The Times*. In this two read of their deaths, one saw himself named as the Prime Minister, another as the head of a tremendous combine. The effect of this prevision upon the characters and actions of the men is then followed in the subsequent history of each member present on that fateful day. It is all done with Mr. Buchan's usual adriotness and well-mannered prose. He seems incapable of taking any interest in anyone with an income of less than three thousand a year, and all his characters are apt to be too dignified and conscious of being the right people. But Mr. Buchan never fails to hover on the verge of something singular and to do it with consummate ease. If we could see into the future—it is a common speculation, and here he demonstrates most admirably with what wisdom we are kept blind to our destinies.

Sheba Visits Solomon, by Helene Eliat (Cassell. 6s.) is a translation from the German of a fantastic construction of the old Bible story somewhat on the order of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* and that brilliant but ill-fated (in England) play, *The Road to Rome*. It is done with considerable poetry, humour, and sly satire on venerable figures. The bottom is knocked out of the fabulous beauty of the Queen, and a queer Solomon emerges from these pages. There is one chapter that I never would have believed could have got into print. It makes a fairy-tale of a well-known story. The book is delightfully illustrated with pencil sketches by Otto Linnekogel.

Wanderers in the Mist, by Heinz Liepmann (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) carries us into pre-War Russia and post-War Germany. The hotch-potch of scene and characters is saved by the sincerity of the writing and the vividness of the detail that abounds in this story of an unprincipled vagabond finding his opportunity in the chaos of civilization.

SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON is a brilliant "private life" novel by Miss Helene Eliat, reviewed above

I cannot say as much for *The Case is Altered*, by William Plomer (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.). Why this should be a Book of the Month (the publishers are different for a wonder!), or be considered as anything out of the ordinary, the very ordinary, I cannot see. It is a most pedestrian story of a London boarding house.

THE COUNTRYSIDE

THE CALL TO SAFETY: Life-savers blow a bugle to warn bathers of dangers at Blankenberghe on the Belgian coast. The officials, who wear heavy clogs, are also equipped with a red flag and cork lifebelt

MAMMA, 1932: Smart shoes, a long cigarette holder, and a large solar topee form the bathing kit accessories of the modern mother watching her youngsters play cricket

HOPING FOR FISH: Floods in the Severn valley rendered the early part of the salmon season poor, for the tides were so high that fishing was impossible. The recent fine weather, however, improved matters. The line of posts is set up as a guide in foggy weather

"WHILE THE SUN SHINES": Two "river girls" on holiday on the Ouse at Kempton, Beds., give a neighbouring farmer a little assistance with his hay, ferrying a load across an intervening stream using pitchforks as punt-poles

Charles E. Brown

THE PACIFIC SPORT IN THE CHANNEL: Surf-riding—both by motor-boat and coming to shore on the crest of a wave—is a popular pastime in the Channel Islands

Fräulein Liselotte de Booye was recently chosen—not without justification, one feels—for the title of "Miss Germany" and is said to be engaged as a mannequin in Paris at a salary commensurate with her charms. She is seen below in an afternoon gown of the favoured dark green

Not quite all the honours of beauty have gone abroad, however, since Miss Heddy Keisler, a Lancashire girl, has lately captured the attention of Max Reinhardt and is even now upholding the tradition of English beauty and talent in Viennese film circles

Juan les Pins has been rejoicing in the presence of the German beauty of Welsh ancestry who has also the honour of being "Miss Deutschland." Miss Richards is posed below in a strikingly simple morning ensemble

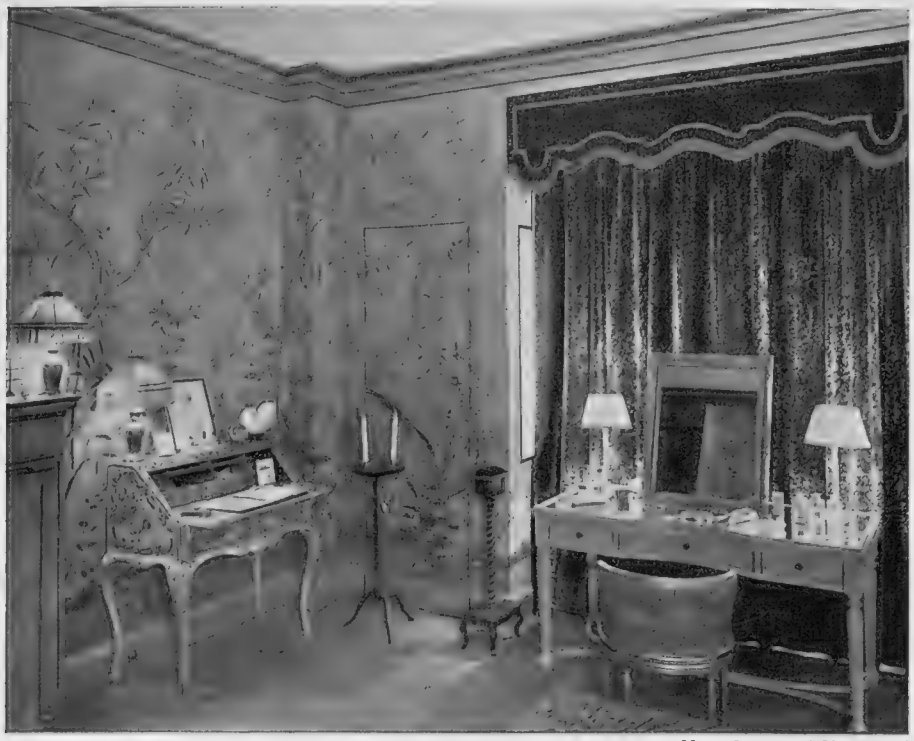
A Summer Page for Eve

Felt has been adapted to a number of uses, but has only lately shown its versatility in matters of dress. The sports outfit above is distinguished by a felt over-jacket with hat, bag, and shoes to match

Fitting more snugly to the head than the popular "boater" this attractive hat below in coarse white straw has its obvious advantages. A band of cherry red provides a contrast

Variations of the pinafore frock are many but the one above in white guimpe with its trim blouse faintly striped with lemon has a certain distinction and a definite appeal for summer days

FURNITURE OF TO-DAY



Humphrey and Vera Joel

AN OLD WIG STAND is one of the treasures in Miss Gertrude Lawrence's bedroom, where an antique dressing-table has been stripped to a fashionable tone. The curtains repeat the olive green in the wall-paper. A crystal door-knob alone reveals a built-in hat and shoe cupboard

Humphrey and Vera Joel

A BATHROOM DRESSING-TABLE: In a flat where space saving is obligatory the mirror, flanked by brushes, is set on the window-sill. The wash-basin is covered with a hinged wooden flap of the same shape as itself, to form a useful stand for other toilet accessories

FOR THE BACHELOR WOMAN'S BOOKS: An ideal solution to a storage problem. There are two ranks of books and the shelves make one piece with the wardrobe: a design by Croften Crane of Bristol

REST FOR LONDON'S VISITORS: Decorative experts have been very interested in studying the success of the new bedrooms at Claridge's. Here is a glimpse of one room with two exquisite divan beds which will readily wipe out any fatigue the Season's entertainments may have engendered

A SITTING-ROOM BY MR. OSWALD P. MILNE: This interior and the adjacent one on the left are by Mr. Oswald P. Milne, the architect and decorator of the new Claridge's. Mr. Milne carried out not only the architectural plans for the new rooms, but every detail of these delightfully restrained modern rooms.

BRIGHT VERY YOUNG PEOPLE

ALFRESCO RECEPTION: The Hon. Deidre Saville with her friends, Miss Olwen Mordaunt-Smith, Miss Patricia Beaumont, Master Benton Fisher Rowell, and the Hon. Merrienne Sturt. Sun-bathing suits are all the rage among the "youngest" set

THE GOOSEBERRY! A delightful study of infantile affection and dismay caught by the camera at the Baby Show held by the Royal Infant Orphanage, Wanstead. It might serve as illustration of the old adage "Two's Company"—

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S FRIEND: Miss Sonia Hodgson, daughter of the doctor to the House of York en route to her home after visiting the Princess

NOBLEMAN AND NOBLEWOMAN OF THE SERENE REPUBLIC XVIII CENTURY

THE TRADITIONAL ATTIRE OF TYROL WORN TO-DAY

The national costumes of Italy through the ages to the present day were presented by children at a garden party arranged by the Dopolavoro Organization — an effective and valuable by-product of Fascist rule which affects the social side of life—in the Park of the Villa Groppallo at Nervi. This was one of the most charming and effectual charity entertainments ever held

THE CHARM OF OLD LAMBETH:

Windmills by the River

AN OLD MILL LAPPED BY THE THAMES: This interesting detail is shown in a delightful panel in oil by D. Turner, dated 1805, now on exhibition at the Cotswold Gallery. The mill was of brick and rested on a broad basement building which was actually lapped by the waters of the Thames

OLD LAMBETH RECORDED BY S. SCOTT AND WILLIAM HAVELL: Both these details to left and right are from charming pictures in the possession of Messrs. Knoedler of Old Bond Street. One shows another windmill a little back from the river (late eighteenth century) and above a penny steamer at Lambeth Pier

SITE OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL OCCUPIED BY TREES: This detail is from a clever watercolour by Collingwood Smith now in the possession of Walker's Art Gallery

LAMBETH FORESHORE AND VAUXHALL BRIDGE from an oil painting in the possession of the London Museum; made when the Vauxhall Bridge was being completed

BOATS AND NETS ON THE FORESHORE AT LAMBETH: This detail from the painting by D. Turner is in the possession of Messrs. Vicars, Old Bond Street. It shows the old wooden railings which lined the roadway in front of Lambeth Palace

Thames-side, Lambeth, which is now passing through a great change owing to the construction of the new Lambeth-Westminster Bridge was a place of almost rural charm in the eighteenth century, as is adduced by the records reproduced above, by courtesy of some of the well-known picture galleries of the West-End. In some cases portions only of the pictures have been taken to emphasize the riverside detail of the period. The one by S. Scott is from the collection of Mr. Walter S. M. Burns of North Mimms Park. The number of windmills in London suburbs in the eighteenth century was evidently considerable.

The massive Norman Cathedral rises boldly above the tiny little city of St. Davids

Drawn by Percy Home

A ruined chapel perched above the shores of beautiful Loch Neagh, near Ardboe

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE CITY OF ST. DAVIDS

St. Davids, that little city in the westernmost corner of Wales, is a place of peculiar attraction. The city — as it proudly calls itself despite its minute proportions—is, like so many Welsh towns, ugly and undistinguished, saving for its ancient and dignified market cross. Yet surprise and reward await the pilgrim who, persevering in his quest, reaches a steep declivity on the verge of the town and gazes down on a sight as unexpected as it is strange and beautiful. A noble cathedral, massive and severe as the Normans loved to make their buildings, stands at the foot of the slope, so deep that only the top of its fine tower is visible from the rather bare adjacent countryside.

A Norman arched gateway stands on the hill above, from which one descends by thirty-nine steps (called locally "The Thirty-nine Articles") to the lower level of the cathedral. Washing the walls is a gay little stream rippling between irregular grassy banks, which a little farther up provides a happy hunting ground for a pleasant party of fat white ducks. Wild flowers sprinkle the grass, and great masses of pink valerian bring a note of brilliant colour to the walls of the ruined ecclesiastical palace which stands hard by. Wandering among these splendid ruins—as impressive to some as the cathedral itself—one is struck by the sinister atmosphere of the place. What must once have been an imposing and beautiful building was allowed to fall into disrepair, we are told, after a former bishop had stripped the roof of its lead.

The cattle and this little stream make a pleasing foreground to the bold tower of St. Davids

The coast line near St. Davids is wild and rugged. Above is a typical promontory

The cathedral was founded in the sixth century by St. David, and later re-built by the Normans in a purple stone — one sees the same purple tint in the cliffs of this coast—which appears very durable as there is little or no sign of decay. Within the edifice, the air strikes chill for so low and damp is the site that parts of the building are actually wet to the touch. One end, moreover, is lower than the other, and this difference in the floor level is plainly discernible. Great Norman pillars—stout and strong as oaks—support the roof, and the general effect of the architecture is one of almost crude strength and severity. Something powerful and primitive belonging to an earlier, less compromising, but still half barbaric, age clings to the place.

Not far from the cathedral, away on a stretch of bleak, wind-swept land near the cliffs, stand the ruins of a tiny chapel, plain and rough as the walls of some derelict cottage. It was to this humble place that St. Non, mother of the saint, came for the birth of her famous son. Near by, the waves of the Irish Sea still dash against that wild and craggy coast, fretted into so many lovely bays and inlets, with their walls of cliff and carpets of silvery sand. On a stormy day the sea presents a glorious sight. G. G.

The ruins of the Bishops' palace are very striking from an architectural point of view as this machicolated façade shows

A TOUR THROUGH NORTHERN ULSTER

The splendid scenery of the Ulster coast road with its historic castles and its magnificent headlands is something worth discovering. This can be accomplished without difficulty—one has only to board an L.M.S. train and cross by comfortable steamer from Heysham to Belfast to find oneself at the starting point of a delightful circular motor tour. With an early start it can easily be accomplished in the day, with due allowance for sightseeing and meals in comfortable hotels. The start is made almost due north from Belfast, the first place of importance on the route here detailed being Antrim. This neatly built town is about a quarter of a mile from the end of Loch Neagh, the big lake whose waters lap many counties. Its immediate waters reflect Old Shane's Castle, and at intervals are ruined chapels and round towers to fascinate the antiquarian. A detour to Ardboe will reveal a delightful specimen of an ancient site with shattered ivy-clad walls and ancient cross. But one has to take the road for Ballymena with its ancient moats and its glimpse of the famous Slemish Mountain, where St. Patrick tended sheep in his early days. The pale blue grey of this isolated hill dominates the surrounding countryside.

The main road to Portrush leads one to Ballymore, which has an interesting connection with Captain Cook, for here lived David McBride, who gave the famous navigator his cure for scurvy. Beyond lies a beautifully-wooded country dropping down to Coleraine, also redolent of memories of the great saint; to him it owes its poetic name, which signifies "The corner of the ferns." The wood of Mountsandel could hold us long in dalliance, but the sea is beckoning, and in a few minutes' time the blue waters of Portrush are before us, with lunch at a well-found hotel.

The Northern Ulster roads present an excellent surface for the motorist

On the higher ground, the Northern Ulster roads cross open moorland country, with great isolated boulders here and there

Now we are fairly away on the Ulster Coast road; the sea is always close at hand on our left. Mounting steadily we reach the approach to the Giant's Causeway with its staggering agglomeration of columnar basalt pillars. On an adjacent bluff are the magnificent ruins of Dunluce Castle, built by Richard de Burgo in the fourteenth century; it was held by the M'Quillans and the Mac Donnells; the view of the neighbouring white cliffs from its shattered halls is a memory not soon forgotten.

The road drops down to Ballycastle, where an excellent hotel looks out over dappled waves to the bold outline of Fair Head. Away to the north can be seen the outline of Rathlin Island, whither Robert the Bruce fled from Scotland in 1306.

The coast road now swings us over high ground to Larne; all the way there is the smiling sea on one's left and a bold, engaging cliff shore to the right, and so back to Belfast after a well-spent day.

On the way south the Ulster coast road takes one past picturesque Carrickfergus Castle with its massive keep

Guinness's Hood for You

WITH APOLOGIES TO

Thomas Hood

Tim Tonks was such a puny lad,
It really was a shame ;
Though day by day his sighs increased
His size remained the same.

Tim fell in love with Betsy Brown,
A buxom lass, and tall ;
But though he thought her simply great,
She made him feel quite small.

Said she : " Although you long to wed
You are too short to woo ;
Till you are taller by a head
I shall look down on you."

He left depressed, because she said
" No, thank you " to his pleas ;
When something his attention caught
That put him quite at ease.

" Guinness for Strength " the poster urged ;
" If this will strength impart "
He thought " with muscles made of steel
I'll steal my maiden's heart ! "

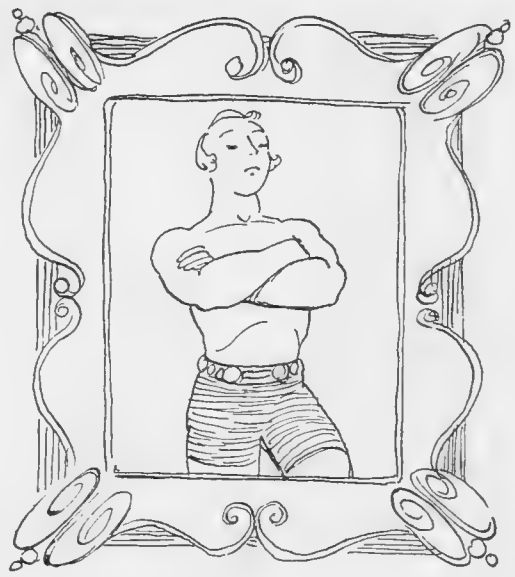
A daily Guinness swelled his chest,
A tall-boy he became,
A picture of athletic health
With quite a splendid frame.

At last when he was twice the man
That he had been before,
He washed his face and brushed his hat—
And pressed his suit once more.

" O Betsy Brown, O Betsy Brown !
Just see how I've grown stronger !
You once were rather short with me—
Pray don't be any longer ! "

Then Betsy looked him up and down
As if to take his measure,
And said " You've grown in my esteem,
So I accept with pleasure ! "

Thus happy Tim gained Betsy's hand
And two feet in addition ;
By drinking Guinness he attained
The height of his ambition.



GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E 258.A.

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The position of Thames House was chosen with the conviction that when the new Lambeth Bridge was completed the site would become one of the most important in the new business centre which is rapidly growing up on the Embankment—close to the Houses of Parliament.

It is London's ideal position for a single office, or for a suite of offices, small or large.

By making a new street parallel to the river, a twin island site has been created, with light and air assured for all time, one-third of the frontage facing the Thames.

The fact that the building faces the river guarantees a minimum of noise.

In Thames House you will find all that you could expect in a building designed for the modern conduct of affairs.

To the business man charged with the problem of discovering better office accommodation combined with the most modern improvements, an invitation is extended to inspect and study Thames House in relation to his particular requirement; assistance without obligation is offered in suggesting a layout for the efficient housing of business personnel and equipment.

LIFTS

There are sixteen passenger lifts so arranged in the four main and four subsidiary entrances as to ensure rapid access.

WINDOW LIGHT

Besides enjoying natural daylight, all offices are fitted with windows glazed with "Vita" glass.

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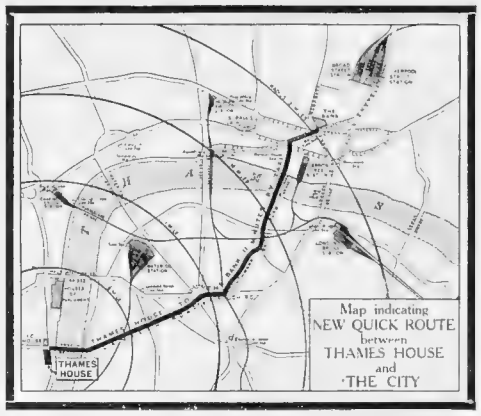

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THE STORY OF LONDON'S NEW BRIDGE

LONDON, THE PHŒNIX CITY—A RIVERSCAPE SHOWING THE I.C.I. BUILDING, THAMES HOUSE, AND THE NEW BRIDGE

Charles E. Brown

The second span of the old bridge hanging unsupported at one end during demolition. In the background are the new bridge and Imperial Chemical House

A study of the new Lambeth–Westminster bridge during the final days of its construction. A few remaining poles mark the position of the old bridge

How the New Bridge was Built: A Special Section of "The Sphere" telling a Fascinating Story of Concerted Effort

By F. W. MACKINTOSH

The New Lambeth Bridge spans the site of the most ancient crossing place on the River Thames.

For ages before there were any bridges at all over the river, the only method of getting across, other than by a boat, was by way of the ford at this spot. South London at that time was a marsh extending from the river bank to the rising ground at Clapham, and the importance of the ford is emphasized by the fact that a raised causeway was constructed long before history began to enable travellers from the ford to reach dry ground without having to flounder across a mile or more of mud.

A point of such strategic importance to the Ancient Britons which the only "crossing" must have then been, was doubtless, strongly defended by them and this probably accounts for the long detour via Brentford which Cæsar's legions were forced to make before they were able to cross the river in their advance on London.

After they had consolidated their position in Britain, the Romans constructed the first London Bridge, which gave them immediate access to South London without having to make use of the Lambeth Ford.

London Bridge made London a City, for not only did it prevent vessels from sailing farther up the river but it diverted the stream of commerce from the Lambeth route to the City.

At a later date a ferry was established at Lambeth and this continued in operation until last century. "Horseferry" Road derives its name from it.

Even in Queen Elizabeth's reign there were demands for a bridge between Lambeth and Westminster but the citizens of London, foreseeing the great diversion of the stream of humanity from London Bridge which would take place, raised such strenuous objections that the project was abandoned. Nearly a century then passed before Parliament approved the Act which authorized the construction of a bridge—not at Lambeth, however—but a little way downstream, at Westminster.

This measure was the first stage in the westward migration from the congested area of the City which has been slowly but surely going on ever since.

The first bridge at Lambeth was constructed in 1862. It was designed by Mr. P. W. Barlow, and cost approximately £30,000. At the time it was the largest suspension bridge in the country, having three spans of 280 ft. each, but, being capable of carrying only light traffic, it had very little effect on the further development of the Lambeth area. It was demolished in 1929, and, as it had always been considered to be rather an ugly structure, few tears were shed when it finally disappeared.

The new Lambeth Bridge was designed by Sir George Humphreys, K.B.E., who was then the chief engineer to the London County Council. It consists of five spans; a centre span of 165 ft., two intermediate spans of 149 ft., and two shore spans of 125 ft. 2 in. each. A total length of 776 ft. The roadway is 36 ft. wide with 12 ft. footways, the total width being 60 ft.

The elevations, approaches from the embankment, and the obelisks at the entrances to the bridge were designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., in collaboration with Mr. G. Topham Forrest, F.R.I.B.A., Chief Architect to the London County Council.

Tenders were invited in 1928 for the construction of a temporary bridge, the demolition of the old bridge, construction of the new bridge, and the demolition of the temporary bridge. This contract was secured by Messrs. Dorman Long and Co., Ltd., of Middlesboro' and London, at a price of £555,000.

The contract also included the construction of a large amount of roadwork on the Westminster side, which extended 800 ft. down Horseferry Road, 700 ft. down Grosvenor Road, and 200 ft. down Millbank.

As soon as the temporary foot-bridge had been erected, the demolition of the old suspension bridge was commenced in June, 1929. The weakness of the structure necessitated the employment of special measures to avoid a collapse, the first step being to reinforce the old towers so that they could safely take the extra stresses imposed upon them during the work of demolition. Dismantling operations were then commenced simultaneously in the centres of the three spans to obviate the imposition of any undue stresses on the towers.

The four caisson structures which enabled the four stone piers of the new bridge to be laid in the clay bed of the river. All the timber piles used in this stage of the construction were supplied by Denny Mott and Dickson, Ltd.

As the material was removed it was loaded into barges belonging to the Trafalgar Towing Co., Ltd., and eventually the towers were left carrying the weight of the cables only. The cables were then lifted one at a time and lowered across three of this company's barges that lay directly underneath, where each cable was cut at the middle by oxy-acetylene flame, the ends being then drawn ashore.

Pieces of these cables were afterwards sent to Messrs. Dorman, Long's works for testing, and it is interesting to note that even after seventy years' service their breaking stress was shown to be 27 tons per square inch.

Demolition of the towers was carried out by means of small cranes erected on staging on piles built round each pier. The removal of the four cylindrical piers was then commenced. Each of these was built up of cast-iron segments and formed a tube 12 ft. in diameter with a lining of brick 3 ft. thick. After the lining had been removed, the cast-iron

(Continued overleaf)

LAMBETH BRIDGE

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The task of swinging steel girders into position was achieved by giant cranes

LONDON'S NEW

segments were dismantled to high water level, the remainder of the piers being lifted up bodily by means of two 200-ton hydraulic jacks. The method of demolition adopted proved so successful that by November, 1929, the site was clear and work was started on the foundations of the new bridge.

At the Westminster end of the bridge the foundations extend for 90 ft. along the river front and are 70 ft. at their greatest width, the depth of the excavation being to 47 ft. below road level.

The four river piers were founded on steel caissons. These were erected inside a timber protective staging of British Columbian pine, supplied by Messrs. Denny, Mott, and Dickson, and were then lowered to the bottom of the river by means of four 200-ton hydraulic jacks.

All the four caissons were sunk to the same level, viz. 37½ ft. below Ordnance Datum, and the rate of sinking averaged 18 in. per full working day, the total amount of excavation amounting to about 4,000 cubic yds. for each caisson.

The method of sinking caissons is of sufficient interest to the non-technical reader to warrant a general description being given here.

Imagine a huge steel box without top or bottom but with a floor fixed several feet above its lower edge. A chamber called an air lock is erected upon this floor. The door into the chamber opens inwards only and makes an airtight fit when closed. Within the chamber is a similar door opening outwards and giving access to the space below the false floor.

When the caisson is lowered into the river until it rests on the bottom the water enters and fills the space below the floor. Compressed air is now pumped into this space and gradually blows the water out. The workmen now enter the air lock chamber and the door is closed upon them. Owing to the air pressure in the space below the floor the door giving access to this is immovable. Compressed air is now forced into the air lock where the workmen are waiting, the pressure inside gradually rising, the door leading to the outer world now becomes immovable, and when the pressure rises to that in the lower space the door in the floor is easily opened; the men then step down into this space, called the working chamber, and stand on the river bed.

The air compressors are pumping all the time so there is no likelihood of the atmosphere inside the working chamber becoming foul, even with twenty-four workmen inside. The excess air finds its way out of the chamber beneath the lower edge of the caisson.

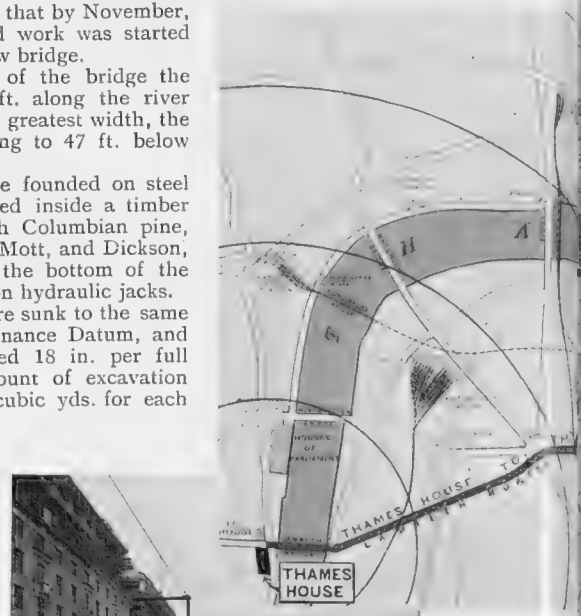
The men now standing on the river-bed commence excavating, and as the ground is removed around the caisson edge it slowly sinks. When it has sunk far enough the caisson is filled with concrete, which on setting becomes as solid as a rock. Bridge piers formed in this way are actually artificial rock islands of concrete.

The erection of the bridge super-structure commenced in October, 1930. Each span consists of nine steel arched ribs, which are braced together laterally by cross girders. The roadway is carried on a layer of pressed steel troughs laid over the cross-girders, whilst the outer ribs of the bridge carry the parapet girders, to which are bolted the sections of cast-iron parapet.

Beneath the footways are carried gas, water, and electric mains.

The whole of the steel used in the construction of the new bridge and the temporary bridge, a total of nearly 4,000 tons, was manufactured and fabricated in the Middlesboro' works of Messrs. Dorman Long and Co., the contractors for the bridge, and British materials have been specified throughout by the London County Council.

Amongst the numerous sub-contracts which were placed the following are of sufficient interest to merit a description: The timber for the piles, etc., which were used during the construction of the bridge was mainly British Columbia pine, and was supplied by Messrs. Denny, Mott, and Dickson, Ltd. The quantity



The new roadway in front of Thames House is one of the many developments inherent in the new bridge scheme

The new m travelling fron ster to the cross the Lambeth proceed to Bridge, via St Circus, and river again ½-mile shorter route via the ment; ½-mile than via the

The view from Mr. Lloyd George's offices in Thames House in the foreground, while behind, Westminster Bridge and the

BRIDGE (cont.)

Driving the first five piles for the new Lambeth Bridge was one of the earliest tasks. This record was made in February, 1929, when the enterprise was barely under way

amounted to 250,000 cubic feet, and it is interesting to reflect that had this contract been placed three or four years earlier it is almost certain that American pine would have been used for the purpose at considerably more than double the cost.

Pitch pine had hitherto held an invincible position in the construction of staging, and though it may be too much to claim that Lambeth Bridge was a deciding factor in breaking down the prejudice against British Columbia pine, it is nevertheless a fact that the consumption of the wood has multiplied several fold since the placing of the contract.

To-day British Columbia pine has the field practically to itself in all temporary works, and is regarded as an ideal wood for the purpose, easy to work, obtainable in any size without wastage, and above all economical in cost.

The total number of piles actually driven was 900, the work being carried out by John Shelbourne and Co., Ltd. The length of piles for the general work was 60 ft., while a large number were 70 ft. in length and over, the longer ones being used for carrying the temporary footbridge. The ram, or monkey, used in the driving of the piles which were shod with shoes of British manufacture, weighed 2 tons and each pile was driven to the "set" specified for the super-imposed load it was designed to carry. During the whole of the driving for the temporary staging not one pile was broken, a very creditable performance in view of the fact that all the piles were driven from floating craft. Mention may be made of the fact that Messrs. John Shelbourne and Co., Ltd., drove the piles which were placed under the defective arch of Waterloo Bridge.

The Trafalgar Towing Company (1920), Ltd., not only arranged and carried through the work of towing and mooring of barges containing the demolished material of the old Lambeth Bridge, but also conveyed materials for the temporary bridge and towed all materials for the new bridge. Altogether over 600 barge loads were either brought or taken away during the period commencing with the demolition of the old bridge. Each load averaged about 170 tons.

thod of Westmin-City is to Thames at Bridge and Southwark Georges cross the This is than the Embank-shorter Strand

The old Lambeth Suspension Bridge which has now been replaced by the smart new structure

After the bridge was built its protection against weather was most important. The corrosion of steelwork due to this rapidly eats into plates and joints, and were no means of protecting the metal available, few bridges would last more than a few decades.

From time immemorial some medium or other has been used to protect surfaces, the earliest probably being bitumen. Paint nowadays is used, but hitherto it has been necessary to put on four, five, or even six coats. Messrs. J. Dampney and Co. of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the pioneers in the science of the preservation of structural work, have now discovered a method of treating steelwork which necessitates the use of no more than three coats of their preservative.

One of the latest examples of their work is the treatment of Lambeth Bridge, but bridges and other structures in all parts of the world are now "under their protection."

Extensive use was made of electricity for the erection of the bridge, over 1,000,000 units being used by the 600 h.p. of "City" motors installed.

A special 11,000-volt cable was laid by the South London Electric Supply Corporation, Ltd., the voltage being transformed to 400 on the site.

In view of the necessity of continuous service being maintained, heavy paper insulated cables were laid across the temporary bridge and switchboards erected at each abutment and on each stage to supply current to cranes and compressors.

The City Electrical Company were made responsible for the supply and erection of switch gear, distribution cables, motors, control equipment, etc., throughout the works.

(*Continued on p.* 144)

Millbank. A corner of Imperial Chemical House appears riverside end of the Houses of Parliament are to be seen

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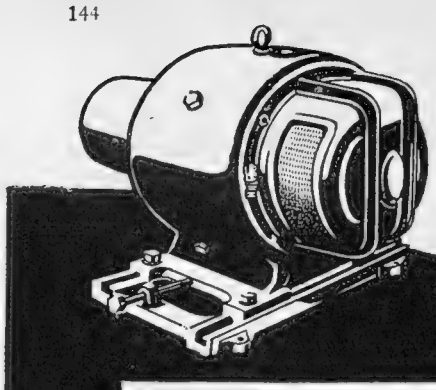

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LONDON'S N

Even the lamps of the new bridge are perfectly harmonious with the new buildings on the Embankment

The concrete piles used during the construction of the bridge were supplied by Messrs. S. Williams and Sons, Ltd.

This firm, who are said to be the oldest manufacturers of concrete piles in England, are very well known on the Thames in various directions. It says a good deal for the efficiency of their organization that they send their concrete piles, not only all over England, but ship abroad as far afield as the Persian Gulf, West Africa, South America, etc., and that they should be able to do this and compete with the locally made product.

At Lambeth Bridge, the river-bed is composed of sands, muds, and gravel, which lie above the surface of the London clay. Beneath the greater part of London this clay is the only solid substratum, and consequently foundations for all heavy structures have to be carried well down into it.

It is necessary to ascertain what condition the clay is in, for in some parts of London clay, on examination, proves to be redeposited material, i.e. it is not virgin London clay, which alone is suitable for foundations.

The occurrence of "redeposited clay" is due to conditions which were prevalent during the later stages of the Glacial Period. At that time the whole country was covered by an immense sheet of ice and snow which extended as far south as Hendon. From the edge of this tremendous glacier emerged streams which, in flowing over the London clay surface, carved out valleys in it. The clay at the time being frozen to a depth of many yards, it responded to the stream action in a similar manner as to rock, in consequence of which the valleys were excavated deeply with steep sides to them. When the glaciers retreated at the close of the Ice Age, the clay thawed, and on regaining its original consistency, being no longer able to stand at steep angles, landslides occurred from time to time, the valleys in this manner becoming filled up with London clay in a redeposited condition.

The danger which may arise through depending on redeposited clay for foundations will be apparent to everyone.

At this period the London streams followed courses differing greatly from those they have adopted during historic times. They flowed in a westerly direction! For instance, the Wallbrook was then a tributary of the River Fleet, and this stream after receiving other tributaries eventually joined the Tyburn near Kennington.

The site of Lambeth Bridge lies between the Fleet and the Tyburn, and redeposited London clay is most unlikely to be present beneath its foundations. This is a matter for congratulation, for all the bridges between Lambeth Bridge and London Bridge have redeposited clay beneath some part of their foundations, and in certain of them subsidence or collapse has actually taken place during their history.

The absence of redeposited clay and the remarkable care which Messrs. Dorman Long, and Co. have taken during the construction of Lambeth Bridge presages a long life for it.

To most people the position of Lambeth Bridge seems to be far removed from the centre of business activity, and the nearest route from the City to Millbank would be at once assumed to be by way of the Strand or the Embankment. A glance at the map will show this to be a fallacy.

The distance from the Bank of England to the Millbank end of Lambeth Bridge via Queen Victoria Street, Southwark Bridge, Southwark Bridge Road, and Lambeth Road is $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles, whilst by way of the Embankment the distance is a good $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and if the Fleet Street –Strand route be taken it will be found to be over $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles. It should also be remembered that by way of Lambeth

An unusual impression of the steel arches and floor girders of the new bridge with the supporting piling in position

Bridge the only points where traffic is likely to be held up seriously are St. George's Circus and Cannon Street, whereas the following notorious points occur along the Strand route: Cannon Street, Ludgate Circus, Wellington Street, Charing Cross, and Whitehall, or by the Embankment route, Cannon

The new London is seen at its most impressive and white Embankment palaces of t

The new steps leading from the bridge to the new Embankment. A distant view of St. Paul's is obtained from the bridge itself

/ BRIDGE (cont.)

Street, Blackfriars, and Whitehall. It takes but nine minutes to reach Lambeth Bridge from Victoria Station, St. James's Park, or Charing Cross, eight from Waterloo, seven from Vauxhall, and five from Westminster.

The business centre of London may quite conceivably be situated in Westminster in the not far distant future.

Modern methods of transport enable the City magnate to travel to business daily from his home in the country, which may be a hundred miles away. His clerks and workers take it as a matter of course that they are able to live on the very outskirts of London and yet are certain of a frequent service of trains and 'buses which will bring them to their work in half-an-hour or so.

Yet, in spite of this placid acceptance of the annihilation of space and time which our "magic carpets" have effected, it does seem inconsistent that the struggle still goes on interminably to obtain offices within the "Square Mile."

A general view of the erection taken just over a year ago showing the troughing on the Westminster shore span

The necessity for close herding for business purposes is gone. Let us spread out: we shall still be in close touch. The way is now open—viâ Lambeth Bridge.

est in this picture of the new bridge and the great C.I. building and Thames House

A description of Lambeth Bridge would be incomplete without some reference to Thames House and the Imperial Chemical Industries Building.

The refectory in the Imperial Chemical Industries building with a parquet dance floor laid by Howard and Sons, similar to those in leading hotels

Engineers recording the results of a weight test conducted by 200 tons of traction engines and trailers laden with steel

Thames House was designed by Sir Frank Baines, K.C.V.O., C.B.E., F.R.I.B.A. The steel work for this building and its neighbour, the I.C.I. building, was manufactured and erected by Messrs. Dorman Long and Co., Ltd. The total weight of steel in these two buildings and Lambeth Bridge is 22,000 tons, the whole of which is of British manufacture.

The two buildings stand as sentinels over the bridge, and with it form one of the most striking architectural features along the whole front of the river, so much so that one is tempted to visualize the setting of the bridge when the southern bank is similarly adorned.

The design of Thames House ensures a maximum amount of natural daylight in the offices, and the fact that it faces the river guarantees a minimum of noise.

Modern lifts, thermostatic control of heating, a special cooling system for use during oppressively warm weather, and mechanical extract ventilation not only ensure comfort to the occupants of the building but must inevitably add to their efficiency.

The space available within Thames House for office accommodation is 617,334 square feet.

It has been described as a "city within a city." There is a large staff restaurant, luncheon counters, grill room, private dining rooms for luncheons and conferences, a book and stationer's shop, circulating library, tobacco kiosks, and confectionery stalls. Accommodation is being provided for a blue-print company and a hair-dressing establishment.

Luxurious accommodation for both staff and directorate is the keynote in both Imperial Chemical Industries Building and Thames House. "Luxury" does not necessarily imply mere lavish display, but may more justifiably be applied to any means devised for the purpose of improving the worker's condition.

A tired body means a tired brain, and nothing wears the system down more rapidly than tired feet. Scientifically designed flooring has a wonderful effect in conserving energy, and with this point in view many of the rooms in the I.C.I. building were laid with parquet flooring by Messrs. Howard and Sons of Berner's Street, London, the original manufacturers and patentees (1866). They have also produced an entirely new system of suspended dance floor giving a slight natural spring, which has been laid with complete success in the Refectory there, and also at the Savoy, Claridge's, Berkeley, and other London hotels. Any form of design can be produced in the parquet, which is laid on a specially prepared laminated sub-floor from which the natural spring is obtained, the surface always remaining a dead level. The same method is largely used in hospital wards.

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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

A PRE-SHOW MODEL.—The Lanchester Motor Company, Ltd., have announced that the public demand for their 15/18 h.p. Lanchester car has been so great that their initial programme has been absorbed months sooner than expected, and the production of a second series has had to be accelerated accordingly. Instead of waiting until Olympia comes round, the manufacturers, in accordance with their normal policy, have decided to incorporate such minor modifications as they have deemed advisable in this new series straight away.

These modifications are principally concerned with comfort and looks. The radiator is not sloped quite so much as before, and boasts of more slender proportions and greater depth. Naturally, the bonnet, which is hinged in the centre, has been re-shaped to suit the new radiator. The scuttle-line has also been altered to match, and is now fitted with a chromium-plated beading so as to prevent the body paint work being scratched when the bonnet is opened or shut. The coachwork has been entirely re-designed, and will, I am sure, prove most attractive. The price of the improved chassis is £450, and that of the standard six-window saloon, complete with sliding roof, £595.

THE QUESTION OF PLUGS.—Many times in these notes I have warned readers that no sparking plugs should be used in a car except those sold and guaranteed by the makers. Every now and again instances are brought to my notice of people who fondly imagine that they can get something for nothing. Unless a motorist is an infant as regards intelligence he should know that in no walk of life can something be obtained without paying for it. An engine requires a good sparking plug, and a good sparking plug cannot be bought for a few pence.

As I have said, some people think they know better and buy reconditioned war disposal plugs with disastrous consequences. The latest case that has come to my notice is that of an owner who bought such plugs, the damage done to whose engine thereby must have exceeded £15. There are a lot of these reconditioned plugs being offered for sale, but I would warn readers that the modern high speed engine—and very often the smaller the engine the more imperative the necessity—must have a good set of plugs if it is to give satisfaction. There is no engine to-day that is not worth a set of K.L.G.'s but do not buy them unless they are in boxes sealed by the makers.

MUSIC TO THE EARS of Mr and Mrs. Jack Hylton is the soft purr of their new Lanchester 15-18-h.p. Sports coupé, delivery of which, by Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., they are seen taking above

THE CHOICE OF ROYALTY: The Duke of Gloucester takes delivery of his new car outside the new recreation pavilion of the Standard Motor Works, Coventry. Next to the Duke is Mr. R. W. Maudslay talking to Major Maude; on the extreme right is Captain J. P. Black

GOOD NEWS FROM IRELAND.—A number of alterations are being effected by the R.A.C. this year in connection with the Tourist Trophy Race in Ulster on August 20 next which will enable spectators in the R.A.C. Grand Stand and Enclosure to follow the progress of the race more easily than in previous years. A new type of score board will be employed, which will show first, the individual progress of each car lap by lap, and second, the first eight cars in the race on handicap, with their speeds and time differences. One effect of this new arrangement will be to improve enormously the view of the course for the spectators in the R.A.C. enclosure behind the pits.

This year the pits will be set back as close as possible to the edge of the road, and the fence in front of the enclosure will be placed as far forward as possible. There will be no reserved space in front of the score-board and spectators will thus not only be able to circulate freely over the full length of the pits, but will also obtain an excellent view of the score-boards themselves.

O KAYE!—For quite a long time ill luck has dogged Mr. Kaye Don, so that his ultimate triumph in breaking the world water speed record on July 18 is all the more welcome to every British motorist on land and water. I was speaking to a well-known racing motorist who was with Mr. Don during the week prior to his successful run, and I learned that he never once was ruffled in spite of the persistent mishaps, trivial although they were and, in the opinion of my friend, no one could have been more pleasant in the face of such trials.

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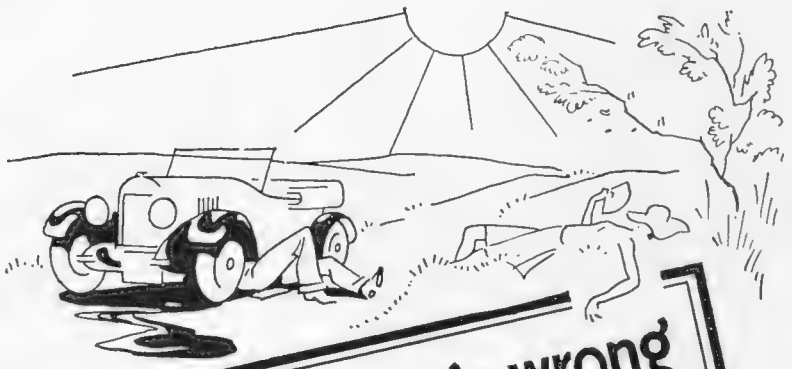

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A CLUBHOUSE MADE OF COTTAGES: The delightful H.Q. of the Itchenor Sailing Club which has been converted from old stone-built cottages into unique premises

NOTES and NEWS

A MECCA FOR THE SMALL BOAT SAILOR: A general view of Chichester Harbour where the Itchenor Sailing Club has established itself with unprecedented success

DEATH TO THE DEADLY TSETSE FLY

(Continued from p. 120)

sanitaire of burnt bush needs to be. It is known that tsetse will not fly more than a mile, but how much less will stop it?

The device of a tall hedge of trees is intended to serve the same purpose, and another as well. Here the scientist is trying to make not only a barrier which the fly will not cross, but also one thick enough to prevent game coming through. And here we come to another point. Supposing some of the members of a herd of antelopes have been bitten in a fly country where there is sleeping sickness! When this herd migrates to a district where the fly is uninfected, though the antelopes are perfectly healthy, yet any fly sucking their blood, and then sucking that of man or cattle will give its prey either nagana or sleeping sickness. Hence the attempt to prevent movements of game.

The problem with the motor-car is not quite the same. True it has been proved that tsetse fly do not care to fly more than a mile, but they are not in the least above taking a ride. It has been proved by ingenious experiments (the boys with sandwich boards helped) that they hunt by sight, not smell or ear, and that they will always rush at a moving object. If an eland, why not a motor-car? Having rushed, some of them will stay on the car, which will thus unwillingly carry fly from one area to another. Hence the huts and fumigation.

The war is in full progress. Planting and burning are the scientist's big guns. Hundreds of field tests are still going on, thousands of flies are being caught and their habits investigated. How wide must the cleared area be? If you plant a tree belt too dense and shady for the fly and too thick for game to cross, will crocodiles and birds carry the infection? If you run a fly-free belt round a village, will the native bee-keepers creeping back to the forest to get their honey, get themselves bitten and bring the infection back? Here are urgent questions that we outside the laboratory can understand.

And finally, how goes the battle? Two years ago, when Professor Julian Huxley visited Africa, the scientists were winning. Since then has come the economy campaign. How—could the crocodile but have told them of it—the tsetse and the trypanosome would have rejoiced! Few entomologists! less money for experiments! The tsetse might win yet!

THE ITCHENOR SAILING CLUB

Chichester Harbour is fast gaining in popularity with the yachtsman and the man who delights in the sailing of small boats. Its many miles of protected water, the fact that it is within easy reach of the Solent, combined with its accessibility from London make it a popular resort for the amateur sailor. The Itchenor Sailing Club has this season acquired premises which are probably unique. Four stone-built, old-world cottages have been converted, and, situated as they are right on the harbour with a splendid view of the South Downs, the club has unique premises in an ideal position. As a result the membership has increased to 150 within a few weeks of opening, and will soon reach the imposed limit. Among those who have recently joined the club are Miss Evelyn Laye and Mr. Frank Lawton.

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RELAY RACE AT BROOKLANDS

Twenty-nine teams competed in a novel motor relay race at Brooklands on Saturday. Each team consisted of three cars and each car had to complete thirty laps, roughly eighty-four miles. Before the next car in the team could proceed a token had to be delivered on foot. The race was won by Mr. F. S. Hutchens' team at an average speed of 77.51 m.p.h. All three cars were E. W. Wolseley Hornet Specials lubricated with Wakefield Castrol oil. The drivers were Mr. F. S. Hutchens, Mr. B. H. Wickens, and Mr. E. J. Erith.

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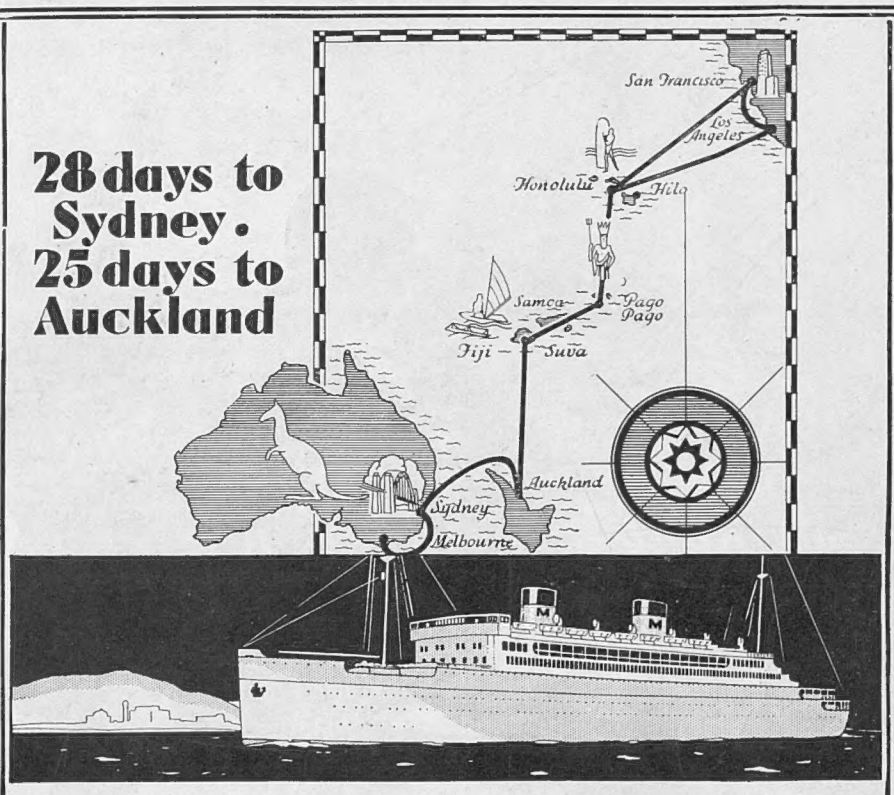

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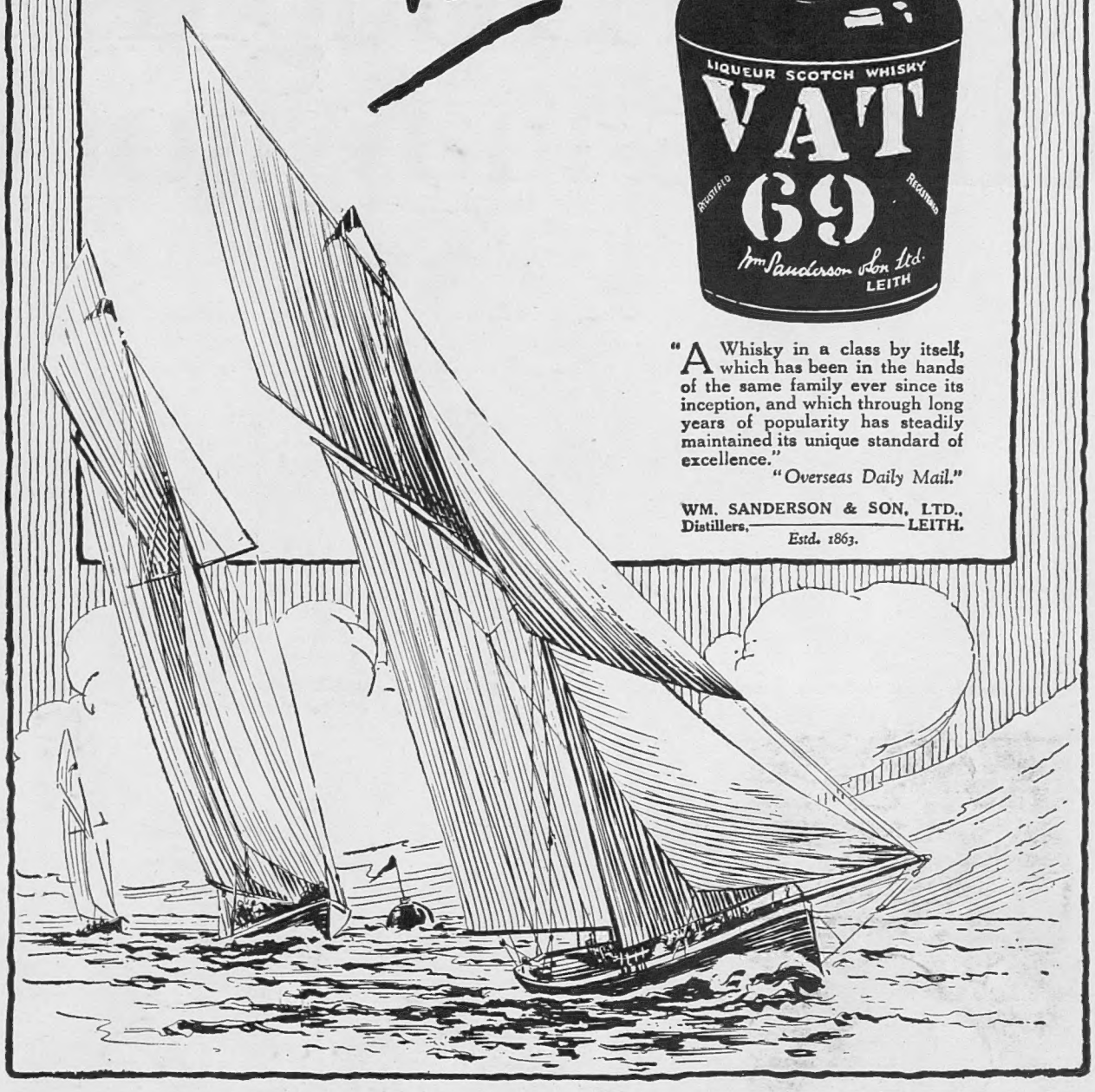

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